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THE
T R A G E D Y
O F
HAMLET
Prince of Denmark.

As it is now Acted by Her M A J E S T I E S
Servants.

B Y
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

L O N D O N.

Printed for Rich. Wellington, at the Dolphin and Crown in Pauls Church-
Yard, and E. Rumball in Covent-Garden. 1703.

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THE TRAGEDY
OF
HAMLET
Prince of Denmark.

As it is now Acted by Her MAJESTIES
PLAYERS

BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

LONDON

Printed by I. I. and J. W. at the Theatre, in St. Dunns Church-yard, 1709.

Printed by J. Sturges, at the Theatre, in St. Dunns Church-yard, 1709.

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To the Reader.

THis Play being too long to be conveniently Acted, such places as might be least prejudicial to the Plot or Sense, are left out upon the Stage: but that we may no way wrong the incomparable Author, are here inserted according to the Original Copy with this Mark “

THE

The Persons Represented.

Claudius, King of Denmark,
Hamlet, Son to the former King,
Horatio, Hamlet's Friend,
Marcellus, an Officer,
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain,
Voltemand.

Cornelius.

Laertes, Son to Polonius,
Rynaldo.

Rosencraus, } two Courtiers.
Guildenstern, }
Cum aliis.

Lucianus.

Fortinbras, King of Norway,
Ostrick, a fantastical Courtier,

Barnardo, } two Centinels.
Francisco, }

Ghost of Hamlet's Father,

Two Grave-makers,

Gertrard, Queen of Denmark,
Ophelia, in Love with Hamlet,

Mr. Crosby.
Mr. Betterton.
Mr. Smith.
Mr. Lee.
Mr. Noake.

Mr. Young.

Mr. Norris.
Mr. Cademan.

Mr. Percival.
Mr. Jevan.
Mr. Rathband.
Mr. Floyd.
Mr. Medburn.

{ Mr. Undril.
{ Mr. Williams.

Mrs. Shadwel.
Mrs. Betterton.

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
HAMLET

PRINCE of DENMARK

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two Sentinals.

Bar. **W** Ho's there?

Fran. Nay answer me, stand and unfold your
self.

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Bar. 'Tis now struck twelve: get thee to bed, *Francisco*.

Fran. For this relief much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Bar. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night:

If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand ho, who is there?

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Good night.

Mar. O ferewel honest Souldiers; who has relieved you?

Fran. Barnardo has my place: good night.

Mar. Holla, Barnardo.

B

Bar:

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hora. A piece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Hora. What, has this thing appear'd again to night?

Bar. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says 'tis but a phantasmie,

And will not let Belief take hold of him,

Touching this dreadful sight twice seen of us,

Therefore I have entreated him along,

With us to watch the minutes of this night,

" That if again this apparition come,

" He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

" *Hora.* 'Twill not appear.

Bar. Sit down a while.

And let us once again assail your ears

That are so fortified against our story,

What we have two nights seen.

Hora. Well, let's down,

And let us hear *Barnardo* speak of this.

Bar. Last night of all,

When yon same Star that's westward from the Pole,

Had made his course to enlighten that part of heaven

Where now it burns *Marcellus* and my self,

The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break the off, look where it comes again.

Bar. In the same figure, like the King that's dead,

Mar. Thou art a Scholar, speak to it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like, it startles me with fear and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio*.

Hora. What art thou that usurpest this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form,

In which the Majesty of buried *Denmark*

Did sometimes march? I charge thee speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See it stalks away.

Hora. Stay, speak, speak, I charge thee speak.

[*Exit Ghost*]

Mar. 'Tis gon and will not answer.

Bar. How now, *Horatio*? you tremble and look pale:

Is not this something more than phantasmie?

What think you of it?

Hora. I could not believe this,

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hora. As thou art to thy self.

Such

Shch was the very armour he had on,
 VVhen he th' ambitions *Norway* combated.
 "So frown'd he once, when in an angry Parle
 "He smote the fleeted Pollax on the Ice.
 'Tis strange

Mar. Thus twice before, and at the same hour,
 VVith martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hora. In what particular thought to worke I know not
 But in the scope of mine opinion,
 This bodes some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Pray sit down and tell me he that knows,
 VVhy this same strict and most observant watch
 So nightly toils the subject of the land,
 ' And with such daily cost of brazen Canon,
 ' And foreign Mart for implements of war?
 ' VVhy such impress of ship-wrights, whose fore task
 ' Does not divide the *Sunday* from the week?
 ' VVhat might be toward, that this sweaty haste
 ' Makes the night joynt labour with the day?
 ' VVho is't that can inform me?

Hora. That can I:

' At least the whisper goes so. — Our late King,
 VVhose image even but now appear'd to us,
 VVas as you know, by *Fortinbrass* of *Norway*,
 ' Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride,
 Dar'd the to combat; in which our valient *Hamlet*,
 (' For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
 Did slay this *Fortinbrass*, who by a seal'd compact,
 VVell ratified by Law and Heraldry,
 Did forfeit (with his life) all these lands.
 ' VVhich he stood seiz'd of, to the Conquerour:
 ' Against the which a moiety competent
 ' VVas gaged by our King which had returned
 ' To the inheritance of *Fortinbrass*,
 ' Had he been vanquisher: as by the same compact
 ' And carriage of the Articles design,
 ' His fell to *Hamlet*: now, fir, young *Fortinbrass*
 ' Of unimprov'd metal, hot, and full,
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there
 Sharkt up a list of lawless Resolutes,
 ' For food and diet to some Enterprize
 ' That hath a stomach in't, which is no other
 ' As it doth well appear unto our State,
 ' But to recover of us by strong hand
 ' And Terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands
 ' So by his Father lost: „ and this I take it
 Is the main motive of our preparations,

'The source of this our watch, and the chief head
'Of this Post-halt, and romage in the land.

Bar. I think it be no other but even so:

Well may it fort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these wars.

'*Hora.* A mote it is to trouble the minds eye.
'In the most high and floutishing state of Rome,
'A little e're the mightest *Fulius* fell,
'The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead:
'Did speak and gibber in the *Roman* streets,
'As Stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
'Disasters in the Sun, and the moist Star.
'Upon whose influence *Neptunes* Empire stands
'Was sick almost to Doomsday with eclipse,
'And even the like precursor of fince events,
'As harbingers preceeding still the fates
'And Prologue to the *Omen* coming on,
'Have heaven and Earth together demonstrated
'Unto our Climates and Countrymen.

[Enter Ghost]

But soft, behold! lo where it comes again;
I'll cross it though it blast me: Stay illusion,
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me: if there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me.

[He spreads
his arms.]

If thou art privy to thy Countries fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O speak:

Or if thou hast uphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which they say your spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it, stay and speak; stop it *Marcellus*.

[The Cock crows.]

Mar. Shall I strike it with my Partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Bar. 'Tis hear.

Hor. 'Tis hear.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

[Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong being so majesticall,
To offer it the shew of violence:
It is ever as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speak when the Cock crew.

Hor. and then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons: I have heard
The Cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat

Awake

Awake the God of Day; and at his warning,
Whether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Air,
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his confine; And of the truth herein
'This present Object made probation.

Mar. It faded at the Crowing of the Cock.

'Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes;
'Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,,
'This Bird of dawning singeth all night long,
'And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad,
'The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
'No Fairy takes, no Witch hath power to charm,
'So hallowed and so gracious is that Time.

'*Hor.* So have I heard, and do in part believe it:
But look, the Morn in russet Mantle clad
Walks o're the Dew of yon high Eastern Hill:
Breake we our watch up, and, by my Advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to Night
Unto young *Hamlet*; perhaps
This Spirit dumb to us will speak to him.
'Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it.
'As needful in our Loves, fitting our Duty?

Mar. Lets do't, I pray; and I this Morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient. [Exeunt.]

Fleurish Enter *Claudius*, King of Denmark, *Gertrud* the Queen, Council,
as *Polonius*, and his Son *Laertes*, *Hamlet*, cum aliis.

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our dear Brother's Death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our Hearts in Greif, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted in one Brow of Woe:
Yet so far hath Discretion faught with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our selves:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queen,
Th' Imperial Jointress to this warlike State,
Have we as 'twere with a defeated Joy,
'With an auspicious and dropping Eye,
'With Mirth in funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage,
'In equal Scale, weighing Delight and Dole,
Taken to Wife, nor have we herein barr'd
Your better Wifdoms, which have freely gone
With this Affair along (for all our thanks)
'Now follows that you know young *Fortinbras*,
'Holding a weak supposal of our Worth,
'Or thinking by our late dear Brother's Death

' Our state to be dis-joynt, and out of frame,
 ' Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
 ' He hath not failed to pester us with message,
 ' Importing the surrender of those Lands
 ' Lost by his Father, with all bands of Law,
 ' To our most valiant brother. So much for him,
 ' Now for our self, and for this time of meeting,
 ' Thus much the business is, we have here writ
 ' To Norway, Uncle of young Fortinbrass,
 ' Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 ' Of this his Nephew's purpose to suppress
 ' His further Gate herein, in that the Levies,
 ' The Lifts, and full Proportions are all made
 ' Out of his Subjects: And we now dispatch
 ' You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
 ' Ambassadors to old Norway,
 ' Who have no further personal Power
 ' Of Treaty with the King, more than the scope
 ' Of these dilated Articles allow.
 ' Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vo. In that and all things will we shew our duty

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

Now *Laertes*, what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit, what is't *Laertes*?

' You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 ' And lose your voice: what would'st thou beg *Laertes*
 ' That shall not be my offer, not thy asking.
 ' The head is not more native to the heart,
 ' The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 ' Than is the Throne of *Denmark*, to my Father:
 ' What would'st thou have *Laertes*?

Laer. My dear Lord,
 Your leave and favour to return to *France*,
 From whence though willingly I came to *Denmark*,
 To shew my duty in your Coronation;
 Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward *France*,
 ' And bow them to your gracious leave and favour.

King. Have you your Father's leave? what says *Polonius*

Pol. He hath my Lord, wrung from me my slow leave,
 By laboursome petition; and at last,
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
 ' I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour *Laertes*, time be thine,
 And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.

But now my cousin *Hamlet*, and my son.

Ham. A little more then kin, and less than kind.

King.

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King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the Sun

Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*,

Do not for ever with thy vailed lids

Seek for thy noble Father in the Dust;

Thou know'st 'tis common all that live must die,

Passing through Nature to eternity.

Ham. I Madam it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam, nay it is, I know not seems;

'Tis not alone this morning cloke will smother,

Nor customary futes of solemn black,

'Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

'No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

'Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,

Together with all forms, modes, shapes of grief,

That can denote me truly; these indeed seem,

'For they are actions that a man might play:

But I have that within which passes shew

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet, and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*:

To give these mourning duties to your Father;

But you must know your Father lost a Father:

That Father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound

In filial obligation for some term

To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere

In obstinate condolment, dares express

An impious stubbornness, 'tis unmanly grief,

'It shews a will most incorrect to heaven,

'A heart unfortified, or mind impatient,

'An understanding simple and unschool'd:

'For what we know must be, and is as common

'As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

'Why should we in our peevish opposition

'Take it to heart? fie, 'tis a fault to heaven?

'A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,

'To reason most obsurd, whose common theam

'Is death of fathers, and who still have cried

'From the first Course till he that died to day,

'This must be so: we pray you throw to earth

This unprevailing woe, and think of us!

As of a father: and let the world take note

You are the most immediate to our Throne,

'And with no less nobility of love

'Than that which dearest father bears his son

Do

' Do I impart toward you for your intent

' In going back to School to *Wittenberg*.

' It is most retrograde to our desire,

' And we beseech you bend you to remain

' Here in the Chearand comfort of our Eye,

O our chiefest Courtier, Cousin and our Son.

Queen. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers, *Hamlet*,

I pray thee stay with us go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

King. 'Tis a loving and fair Reply.

Be as our self in *Denmark*. Madam come,

This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*

Sits smiling to my Heart, in grace whereof,

No jocund Health that *Denmark* drinks to day,

But the great Canon to the Clouds shall tell,

' And the Kings rowse the Heaven shall bruit again,

Respeaking earthly Thunder: Come away.

Flourish, Exeunt all but

Ham. O that this too too solid Flesh would melt,

[*Hamlet*

Thaw and resolve it self into a dew,

Or that the everlasting had fixt

His Canon 'gainst self Slaughter!

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable

Seem to me all the uses of this World?

'Tis an unweeded Garden

That grows to Seed; things rank and gross in Nature

Possess it meerly; that it should come thus,

But two months Dead, nay, not so much, not two,

So excellent a King,

So loving to my Mother,

That he permitted not the Winds of Heaven

Visit her Face too roughly:

Shee us'd to hang on him,

As if increase of appetite had grown

By what it fed on; and yet within a Month,

Let me not think on't, Frailty thy name is Woman,

' A little month: or ere those shoes were old,

' With which she follow'd my poor Father's Body,

' Like *Niobe* all Tears, why she

' Heaven! a beast that wants discourse of reason

' Would have mourn'd longer, married with my Uncle,

My father's brother? but no more like my father

Than I to *Hercules*: within a month,

' E're yet the salt of most unrighteous tears

' Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,

' She married! O most wicked speed to post

' With such dexterity to incestuous sheets;

' It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

But

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‘ But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well, *Horatio*, or I forget my self.

Hor. The same, my Lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good Friend, I’ll change that name with you;
And what make you from *Witenberg*, *Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you (good even Sir.)
But what make you from *Mittenberg*?

Hor. A truant disposition, my good Lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do my ear that violence,
To be a witness of your own report
Against your self; I know you are no truant?
But what is your affair in *Elsenour*?
Wee’ll teach you here to drink e’re you depart.

Hora. My Lord I came to see your Father’s Funeral.

Ham. I prithee do not mock me, fellow student,
I think it was to my Mother’s Wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow’d hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*; the Funeral bak’d meats
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables
Would I had met my dearest Foe in heaven
E’re I had seen that day, *Horatio*.

My Father, methinks I see my Father.

Hora. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds Eye *Horatio*

Hora. I saw him once he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hora. My Lord I think I saw him yester-night.

Ham. Saw who?

Hora. My Lord, the King ynur Father.

Ham. The King my Father!

Hora. Defer your admiration but a while
With an attentive ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these Gentlemen,
This wonder to you.

Ham. Pray let me hear.

Hora. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Barnardo*, on their watch,

In the dead vast middle of the night

Been thus encounter’d : a figure like your Father,

And armed exactly, *Cap-a-pe*,

Appears before them, and with solemn march

C

Goes

Goes flow and stately by them: thrice he walkt
 By their oppress'd and fear surprized Eyes
 Within this truncheons length, whilst they distill'd
 Almost to gelly with their fear,
 Stand dumb and speak not to him: this to me
 They did impart in dreadful secrecie,
 And I with them the third night kept the watch,
 Where as they had delivered, both in time,
 Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
 The apparition comes: 'I know your father,
 'These hands are not more like

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord upon the platform where we watch.

Ham. Did you speak to it?

Hora. My Lord, I did,

But answer made it none: yet once methought

It lifted up its head, and did address

It self to motion, as it would speak;

But even then the morning Cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrank in haile away,

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hora. As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true,

And we did think it then our duty

To let you know it.

Ham. Indeed Sirs but this troubles me,

Hold you the watch to night?

All. We do my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

All. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. From head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hora. O Yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.

Ham. What? lookt he frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?

Hora. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there,

Hora. It would have much amaz'd you?

Ham. Very like: staid it long?

Hora. While one with moderate haste might tell an hundred;

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grissled?

Hora.

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Hor. It was as I have seen it in his life,
A fable silver'd

Ham. I will watch to night,
Perrchance 'twil walk again.

Hor. I war'nt it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person
I'll speak to it though hell it self should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it require your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap to night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: so fare you well:
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves as mine to you; farewell.
My father's Spirit in Arms, all is not well.

I doubt some foul play, would the night were come:
Till then sit still my Soul, foul deeds will rise
Though all the earth o'rewhelm them from mens Eyes.

[Exeunt

(Manet Hamlet.

[Exit

Enter Laertes, and Ophelia his Sister.

Laer. My necessities are imbark't, farewell,
And sister, as the winds give benefit
' And convey in Assistant,, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Ophel. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood
A Violet in the youth and prime of Nature,
Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minuet:
No more.

Ophel. No more but so.

Laer. Think it no more.

' For Nature cressant does not grow alone,
' In thews and bulks, but as this Temple waxes,
' The inward service of the mind and soul
' Grows wide withal: perhaps he loves you now,
' And now no foil nor cautel doth besmerch
' The virtue of his will; but you must fear
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own.
He may not, as inferiour persons do,
Bestow himself: for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state,
' And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
' Unto the Voice and yielding of that body

' Whereof he is to head, then if he says he loves you,
 ' It fites your wisdom so far to believe it,
 As he in his particular Act and Place
 May give his saying deed ; which is no further
 ' Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
 Then weigh what loss you honour may sustain,
 If with your credulous ear you hear his Songs,
 ' Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasurer open
 ' To his unmaistred importunity.
 ' Fear it *Ophelia*, fear it my daer sister,
 ' And keep you in the rear of your affection,
 ' Out of the shot and danger of desire :
 ' The chariest maid is prodigal enough.
 ' If she unmask her beauty to the Moon :
 ' Virtue it self scapes not calumnious strokes ;
 ' The canker galls the infant of the spring
 ' Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
 ' And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 ' Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 ' Be wary then, best safety lies in fear,
 ' Youth to it self rebels though none else near.

Ophel. I shall the Effect of this good Lesson keep
 About my heart : But good brother
 Do not as some ungracious Pastors do,
 Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
 Whiles like a Libertine,
 Himself the Primrose-path of dalliance treads,
 ' And reaks not his own reed.

[Enter Polonius.]

Laer. O fear me not ;
 I stay too long : " but here my Father comes.
 ' A double blessing is a double grace,
 ' Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here *Laertes* ? aboard, aboard for shame
 ' The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 ' And you are staid for. There my blessing with thee,
 ' And these few precepts in thy memory
 ' Look thou Character : Give thy thoughts no tongue ;
 ' Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 ' Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 ' Those friends thou hast and their adoption tired,
 ' Grapple them unto thy Soul with hoops of steel,
 ' But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 ' Of each new hatch'd unfledg'd courage : beware
 ' Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
 ' Bear't that th' opposer may beware of thee.
 ' Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice ;
 ' Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly

‘Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 ‘But not exprest in fancy ; rich, nor gawdy ;
 ‘For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
 ‘And they in *France* of the best ranck and station,
 ‘Are of a most select and generous, chief in that :
 ‘Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
 ‘For love oft looses both it self and friend,
 ‘And borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.
 ‘This above all, to thine own self be true,
 ‘And it must follow as the night to day,
 ‘Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 ‘Farewel, my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly I do take my leave. my Lord.

Pol. The time invests you, go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
 What I have said to you.

Ophel. ’Tis in my memory lockt,
 And you your self shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel. [Exit *Laertes*.]

Pol. What is’t *Ophelia*, he hath said to you ?

Ophel. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry well bethought.

’Tis told me he hath very oft of late.
 Given private time to you : and you your self
 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.

If it be so, as so ’tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution. I must tell you
 You do not understand your self so clearly
 As it behoves my daughter, and your honour ;
 What is between you give me up the truth.

Ophel. He hath, my Lord, of late made many tenders
 Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection ! pnh. you speak like a green girl,
 Unsifted in such perillous circumstance ;
 Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

Ophel. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, think your self a baby,
 That you have ta’ne these tenders for true pay,
 Which are not sterling ; tender your self more dearly,
 Or (not to crack the wind of this poore phrase)
 Wrong it thus, you’ll tender me a fool.

Ophel. My Lord, he hath importun’d me with love
 In honourable fashion.

Pol. , fashion you may call it, go too, go too.

Ophel. And hath given countenance to his speech,
 My Lord, with almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Springes to catch Wood-cocks ; I know
 When the Blood burns how prodigally the Soul

Leads

Lends the tongue vows, "these blazes: daughter,
 ' Giving more light then heat; Extinct in both,
 ' Even in their promise, as it is a making,
 ' You must not take't for fire: from this time
 ' Be something scanter of your maiden presence,
 ' Set your entreatments at a higher rate
 ' Then a command to a parlay; for Lord Hamlet,
 ' Believe so much in him, that he is young,
 ' And with a larger tedder may he walk
 ' Than may be given you: in few, *Ophelia*,
 ' Do not believe his vows, for they are Brokers,
 ' Not of that dye which their investments shew
 ' But meer Implorators of unholy suits,
 ' Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
 ' The better to beguile: this is for all,
 ' I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth
 Have you to slander any moments leifure,
 As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet,
 Look to't I charge you, come your ways.

Ophel. I shall obey, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold.

Hora. It is a nipping, and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hora. I think it lacks of twelve,

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hora. I heard it not: it then draws near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of Trum-
 pets and Guns.*

What does this mean, my Lord?

Ham. The King doth walk to night and takes his rowle,
 ' Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up spring reels,
 And as he takes his draughts of Rhenish down,
 The Kettle-Drum and Trumpet thus proclaim
 The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custom?

Ham. I marry is't.

But to my mind, though I am native here

And to the manner born, it is a custom

More honour'd in the breach than the observance:

' This heavy-headed revel East and West

' Makes us traduc'd and taxed of other nations:

' They clepe us Drunkards, and with swinish phrase

' Soil our addition: and indeed it takes

' From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,

' The pith and marrow of our attribute:

' So oft it changes in particular men,

' That for some vicious mole of Nature in them,

As

' As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
 ' (Since Nature cannot choofe his origen)
 ' By their o're-growth of some complection,
 ' Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
 ' Or by some habit that too much o're-leavens
 ' The form of plaufive manners, that these men
 ' Carrying I fay the ftamp of one defect,
 ' Being Natures livery, or Fortunes ftar,
 ' His virtue s elfe be they as pure as grace,
 ' As infinite as man may undergo,
 ' Shall in the general Censure take corruption
 ' From that particular fault: the dram of eafe
 ' Doth all the noble fubftance of a doubt
 ' To his own fcandal.

[Enter Ghost.]

Hora. Look, my Lord, where it comes.

Ham. Angels and Minifters of grace defend us!

' Be thou a fpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 ' Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blafts from hell,
 ' Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 ' Thou com'ft in fuch a questionable fhape
 ' That I will fpeak to thee; I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
 ' King, Father, royal *Dane*: O answer me.
 ' Let me not burft in ignorance but tell
 ' Why thy canoniz'd bones hearfed in death
 ' Have burft there cerements: why the Sepulcher,
 ' Wherein we faw thee quietly interr'd,
 ' Has op't his ponderous and marble jaws,
 ' To caft thee up again: "what may this mean
 ' That thou dead coarfe again in compleat fteel
 ' Revifit'ft thus the glimpfes of the Moon,
 ' Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
 ' So horridly to fhake our difpofition
 ' With thoughts beyond the reaches of our Souls?
 ' Say why is this? wherefore? what fhould we do?

(Beckons.)

Hora. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it fome impartment did defire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous action
 It waves you to a remote ground,
 Bnt do not go with it.

Hora. No by no means.

Ham. It will not fpeak, then I will follow it.

Hora. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. VVhy? what fhould be the fear?

I do not value my life:
 And for my Soul what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as it felf?

It waves me forth again, I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you towards the floods, my Lord
Or to the dreadful border of the cliff,
' That bettels o're his base into the Sea,
And there assume some other form,

' Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? 'think of it,

' The very place puts toys of desperation

' Without more motive, into every brain,

' That looks so many fadoms to the Sea,

' And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still,

' Go on I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.]

Ham. My fate-cries out,

And makes each petty Artery in this Body

As hardy as the *Nemean* Lion's Nerve:

Still I am call'd; unhand me Gentlemen,

I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me:

I say away: Go on, I'll follow thee. [Exit Ghost and Hamlet]

Hor. He grows desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of *Denmark*,

Hor. Heaven will discover it.

Mar. Nay let's follow him

[Exeunt:]

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Wither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,

When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames

Must render up my self.

Ham. Alas! poor Ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing

To what I shall unfold

Ham. Speak I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge what thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy Father's Spirit,

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,

And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end
Like quills upon the fearful Porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood: list, list, O list,
If thou didst ever thy deare Father love.

Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder.

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is:
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Halte me to know't, that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love
May fly to my Revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

'And duller shoud'st thou be than the fat weed
'That roots it self in ease on *Lethe's* wharf,
'Would'st thou not stir in this: "now Hamlet hear,
'Tis given out, that sleeping in my Garden
'A Serpent stung me: so the whole Ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged process of my death
Ranckly abused: but know thou, Noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy Father's heart
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetick Soul, my Uncle?

Ghost. I, that incestious, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with traiter'ous gifts,
'O wicked wits, and gifts that have the power
'So to seduce! "won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage? and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine; "but virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
'Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
'So vice, though to a radiant angel linkt,
'Will fort it self in a celestial bed,
'And prey on garbage.

But soft, methinks I cent the morning air,
Brief let me be: sleeping in my Garden,
My Custome always of the Afternoon,

Upon my secure hour thy Uncle to me stole
 With juice of curfed Hebona in a Vial,
 And in the porches of my ears did pour
 The leprous distilment, whose Effects
 Hold such an enmity with blood of man,
 That swift as Quick-silver it courses through
 The natural gates and allies of the body,
 And with a sudden vigour it doth possess
 ' And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,
 And a most instant Tetter barked about
 Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
 All my smooth body.

Thus was I sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 ' Of Life, of Crown, of Queen at once dispatcht,
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 ' Unnuzled, disappointed, un-aneald,
 ' No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 ' With all my imperfections on my head.
 ' O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!
 If thou hast Nature in thee bear it nor,
 Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
 A couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
 But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor lett thy soul design
 Against thy mother ought, leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her: fare thee well at once,
 The Glow-worm shews the morning to be near,
 And gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
 Farewel, remember me!

' *Ham.* O all you hosts of heaven! O earth! what else?
 ' And shall I couple hell? O fie! "hold, hold my heart,
 And you my sinews grow not instant old,
 But bear me strongly up; remember thee!
 I thou poor Ghost, whilst memory holds a seat
 In this distracted Globe: remember thee!
 Yes! from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All registers of books, all forms and pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there,
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmixt with baser matter; yes by heaven.
 O most pernicious Woman!
 O villain, villian, smiling villian!
 My tables, meet it is I sit down,

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark,
So Uncle there you are: now to my word,
It is farewell, remember me.

I have sworn't.

[Enter Horatio and Marcellus.]

Hor. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Heavens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord,

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy, come and come.

Mar. How is't my Noble Lord?

Ham. O wonderfull

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be secret.

Both. As death, my Lord.

Ham. There's never a villain
Dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an Arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from the Grave
To tell us this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;
You as your business and desire shall point you;
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is; and for my own poor part
I will go pray:

Hor. These are but wild and windy words, my Lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint Patrick but there is, *Horatio*,
And much offence too: touching this vision here,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us
O'remaster't as you may: and now, good friends,
As you are Friends, Scholars, and Souldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't my Lord, we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to night.

Both. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear'r.

Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my Lord, already.

Ham. Indeed upon my sword, indeed.

[*Ghost cries under the Stage*

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so? art thou there true-penny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the Selleridge,
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the Oath, my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique.* then we'll shift our ground:
Come hither, hither, Gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my Sword:
Swear by my Sword.

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. Swear by his Sword.

Ham. Well said, old Mole, canst thou work i'th'earth so fast?
A worthy Pioner, once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night! but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome:
There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dream't of in your Philosophy: but come,
Here as before; never, so help you mercy,
(How strange or odd so e're I bear my self,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet,
To put an antick disposition on,
That you at such times seeing me, never shall
With arms encumbred thus, or head thus shak't,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As well, well, we know, or we could, and if we would,
Or if we list to speak, or there be, or if they might,
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note)
That you know ought of me, this you must swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen
With all my love I do commend me to you,
And what so poor a man as *Hamlet* is
May do i'express his love and friendship to you
Shall never fail, let us go in together,
And still your fingers on your lips: I pray,
The time is out of joynt, O cursed spight

That

That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay come, let's go together.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Polonius and his Man.

Pol. Give him this money, and these two notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my Lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo.

Before you visit him, to make enquiry

Of his behaviour.

Rey. My Lord I did intend it.

Pol. Marry well said, very well said, look you Sir,

Enquire me first what *Danishers* are in Paris,

And how. and who, what means, and where they keep,

What company, at what expence: and finding

By this encompassment and drift of question,

That they do know my Son, come you more near,

Then your particular demands will touch it,

Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,

As thus, I know his father, and his friends,

And in part him: Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. I very well, my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say not well,

But if it be he I mean, he's very wild,

Addicted so and so, and there put on him

What forgeries you please, marry none so Rank

As may dishonour him, take heed of that;

But Sir. such wanton, wild, and usual slips

As are companions noted and most known

To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,

Quarrelling, drabbing, you may go so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him,

Pol. Faith as you may season it in the Charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,

That he is open to incontinency,

That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty,

The flash and out-break of a fiery mind,

A savageness in unreclaimed blood

Of general assault

Rey.

- ' *Rey.* But, my good Lord,
 ' *Pol.* Wherefore should you do this?
 ' *Rey.* I, my Lord, I would know that;
 ' *Pol.* Marry, Sir, here's my drift,
 ' And I believe it is a fetch of wit.
 ' You laying these slight fullies on my Son;
 ' As 'twere a thing a litle foil'd with working;
 ' Mark you your party in converse, ~~he~~ you would sound,
 ' Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
 ' The youth you breath off guilty, be assur'd:
 ' He closes with you in this consequence;
 ' Good Sir (or so) or Friend, or Gentleman,
 ' According to the phrase or the addition
 ' Of Man and Country.
 ' *Rey.* Very good, Ny Lord.
 ' *Pol.* And then, Sir, does he this, he does: what was I about to say?
 ' By the Mass I was about to say something,
 ' Where did I leave?
 ' *Rey.* At closes in the consequence.
 ' *Pol.* At closes in the consequence; I marry,
 ' He closes thus, I know the Gentleman,
 ' I saw him yesterday, or th' other day,
 ' Or then, or then, with such or such, and, as you say,
 ' There was he gaming there, or took in's rowse,
 ' There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
 ' I saw him enter such and such a house of sale;
 ' Videlicet, a Brothel, or so forth. See you now,
 ' Your bait of falshood takes this Carp of truth,
 ' And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
 ' With windleses, and with essays of byas,
 ' By indirect find directions out:
 ' So by my former Lecture and advice
 ' Shall you my Son. You have me, have you not?
 ' *Rey.* My Lord, I have.
 ' *Pol.* Good buy ye, fare ye well.
 ' *Rey.* Good, my Lord.
 ' *Pol.* Observe his inclination in your self.
 ' *Rey.* I shall, my Lord.
 ' *Pol.* And let him ply his Musick.
 ' *Rey.* Well, my Lord. [Exit Rey. Enter Ophelia.
 ' *Pol.* Farewell. „How now Ophelia, what's the matter?
 ' *Ophel.* O, my Lord, my Lord! I have been so affrighted.
 ' *Pol.* With what?
 ' *Ophel.* My Lord, as I was reading in my closet,
 ' Prince Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
 ' No hat upon his head, his stockings loose,
 ' Ungartred, and down-gyved to his anckle,

Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so pitious
As if he had been sent from hell
To speake of horrors, he comes before me,

Pol. Mad for thy love,

Ophel. My Lord I do not know,
But truly I do fear it

Pol. What said he?

Ophel. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o're his brow
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it: long staid he so
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down
He raised a sigh so pitious and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being; that done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulders turn'd
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes; I
For out of doors he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King,
This is the very extasie of love,
Whose violent property foregoes it self,
and leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven
that does afflict our natures: I am sorry;
What? have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No my good Lord, but as you did command,
I did repel his Letters, and deny'd
His access to me

Pol. That hath made him mad:
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoaded him; I fear'd he did but trifle;
And meant to wrack thee, but beshrew my jealousy?
By heaven it is as proper to our Age
To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion: Come, go with me to the King;
This must be known, which being kept close might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come.

[Exeunt]

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Rosencraus and Guildenstern

King. Welcome good Rosencraus and Guildenstern,
Besides, that we did long to see,
The need we have to use you did provoke

Our

Our hasty sending. Somthing you have heard
 Of Hamlet's transformation, so call it;
 Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was: what it should be
 More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
 So much from the understanding of himself
 I cannot dream of: I intreat you both,
 That being of so young days brought up with him
 ' And sith so neighboured to his youth and haviour,
 That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
 Some littel time, so by your companies
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
 So much as from occasion you may glean,
 Whether ought to us unknown afflicts him thus,
 Thet lies within our remedy.

Queen Good Gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
 And sure I am, two men there are not living
 To whom he more adheres; if it will please you
 To shew us so much gentleness and good-will,
 As to meploy your time with us a while
 For the supply and profit of our hope,
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks
 As fits a King's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
 Might by the Sovereign power you have over us
 Put your dread pleasures more into command
 Than to intreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
 And hear give up our selves in the full bent;
 To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks *Rosencraus* and gentle *Guildestern*.

Queen. Thanks *Guildestern* and gentel *Rosencraus*,
 And I beseech you instantly to visit
 My too much changed Son: go some of you,
 And bring these Geutlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
 Pleasant and helpful to him.

Queen. Amen

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil*]

Enter Polonius:

' *Pol.* Th' Embassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
 Are joyfully return'd,

' *King.* Thou still hast been the father of good news.

' *Pol.* Have I, my Lord? I assure my good Liege
 ' I hold my duty as I hold my Soul,
 ' Both to my God. and to my gracious King:
 ' And 'I do think, or else this brain of mine
 Hunts not the trail of policy so sure

As

As it has us'd to do, that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlet's* lunacy.

King. O speak of that, that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors.

'My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in.

'He tells me, my dear *Gertrard*, he hath found

'The head and source of all our Sons distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,

'His father's death, and our hasty marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sift him: welcome my good friends:

'Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Vol. Most fair return of greetings and desires:

'Upon our first he sent out to suppress

'His Nephew's lives, which to him appear'd

'To be a preparation against the *Pollack*,

'But better lookt into, he truly found

'It was against your Highness: whereat griev'd

'That so his sickness, age, and impotence

'Was falsly born in hand, sends out arrests

'On *Fortinbrass*, which he in brief obeys,

'Receives rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,

'Makes vow before his Uncle, never more

'To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty,

'Whereon old *Norway* overcome with joy,

'Gives him threescore thousand Crowns in Annual fee,

'And his commission to imploy those Souldiers

'So levied as before, again the *Pollack*,

'With an intreaty herein further shown,

'That it might please you to give quiet pass

'Through your Dominions for this enterprize,

'On such regards of safety and allowance

'As herein is set down.

King. It likes us well,

'And at more considered time we'll Read,

'Answer and think upon this Business:

'Mean time we thank you for your well took labour,

'Go to your rest, at night we'll feast together:

'Most welcome home.

[*Exeunt Embassadors.*]

Pol. This business is well ended.

My Liege and Madam, to expostulate

What Majesty should be, what duty is,

Why day is day, night night, and time is time;

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time;

Therefore brevity is the Soul of wit,

And tediousness the limbe and outward flourish:

I will be brief: your noble Sone is mad,
Mad call I it: for to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter with less art.

Pol. Madam, swear I use no art at all,
That he's mad, 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art:
Mad let us grant him then, and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defectivly comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus
Consider.

I have a daughter, have her while she is mine,
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given my this; now gather and surmise.

To the Celestial and my son's Idol, the beautified Ophelia. That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; Beautified is a vile phrase: but you shall hear, thus in her excellent white bosom, These, &c. *[Reads.]*

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Madam stay a while I will be faithful.

Doubt that the Stars are fire,

Doubt that the Sun doth move,

Doubt truth to be a liar,

But never doubt I love.

Letter.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love the best, O most best believe it: Adieu. Thine evermore, most dear Lady, whilst this machine is to him,

Hamlet.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me,
And more concerning his solicitings.

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
'All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so: but what would you think
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,

As I perceiv'd it I must tell you that

Before my daughter told me; what might you

Or my dear Majesty your Queen here think,

If I had plaid the Desk or Table-book.

'Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,

Or lookt upon this love with idle sight,

What might you think? no I went round to work.

And my Young Mistriss thus I charg'd:
 Lord Hamlet is a prince above thy sphere,
 This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
 That she should lock her self from his resort,
 Admit no Messengers, receive no tokens.
 Which done; she took the fruits of my advice;
 And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
 Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
 Thence to a watch, then into a weakness,
 Thence to a lightness, and by this decension
 Into the madness wherein he now raves,
 And all mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would fain know that.
 That I have positively said, 'tis so,
 When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise?
 If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. Sometimes he walks four hours together
 Here in the Lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him,
 Be you and I behind the Arras then,
 Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
 And be not from his reason fal'n thereon,
 Let me be no assistant for a State,
 But keep a farm and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you both away,
 I'll board him presently, O give me leave.
 How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent well.

Pol. Do you know me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fish-munger,

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord?

Ham. I Sir, to be honest as this world goes,
 Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand.

Pol. That is very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good
 kissing

kissing carrion. Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th the Sun, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceive, friend look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter, yet he knew me not at first, but said I was a fish-monger, he is far gone; and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for Love, very near this I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words,

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my Lord,

Ham. Slanders Sir,; for the Sityrical Rogue says here, that old men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their Eyes purging thick Amber, and Plum-ree Gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams, all which Sir, though I most powe fully and potently pelieve, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down, for your self, Sir, shall grow old, as I am, if like a Crab you could go backwrd.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there is method in't, will you walk out of the Air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave.

Pol. Indeed that's out of the Air; how pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happines that often madness hit's on, "Which reason and sanctity" could not so happily be delivered of. "I will, leave him and daughter. My Lord I will take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withal, except my life. except my life, except my life,

Enter Guildenstern and Rosencraus.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

Ros. Save you Sir.

Guil. My honoured Lord.

Ros. My most dear Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends how dost thou *Guildenstern*
Ah *Rosencraus*, good lads, how do you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy in that we are not ever happy on fortunes cap,
VVe are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe.

Ros. Neither, my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith in her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a Strumpet
VVhat news?

Ros. None, my Lord, but the world's grown honest.

Ham.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: sure your news is not true.
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elsenour*?

Ros. To visit you, my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you,
'And sure dear friends, my thanks are too dear a half-penny: 'were you
not sent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free visitation? come,
come, deal justly with me, come, come, nay speak.

Guil. What should we say, my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to th' purpose you were sent for, and there is a
kind of confession in your Looks, which your Modesties have not craft
enough to colour: I know the good King and Queen have sent for
you.

Ros. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me conjure you by the rights
of our felloships, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of
our preferred love, and by what more dear, and better prop. far and
charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent
for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you, if you love me hold not off.

Guil. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your dis-
covery, and your secrecie to the King and Queen moult no feather: I
have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, foregone
all costume of exercises, "and indeed it goes so heavily with my
"disposition, "that this goodly frame the earth, seems to me a sterile
promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Air look you, this brave
o're-hang'd firmament, this Majestical roof fretted with golden fire,
why it appeareth nothing to me but a foul and pestilent congregati-
on of vapours. What a piece a work is man? how noble in reason!
how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and ad-
mirable! in action, how like an Angel! in apprehension, the beauty
of the World, the paragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this
quintessence of dust? Man delights not me, nor Woman neither,
though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did ye laugh then, when I said man delights not me?

Ros. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in man, what lenter
Entertainment the Players shall receive from you, we met them on the
way, and hither are they coming to offer your Service.

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome, his Majesty shall have
tribute of me, the adventurous Knight shall use his foil and target, the
lover shall not sigh *Gratis*, the humorous man shall end his part in peace,
and the Lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't
What Players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the Trage-
dians of the City.

Ham.

Ham. How chances it thy travel? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same Estimation they did when I was in the City? are they so followed?

Ros. No indeed they are not.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my Uncle is King of *Denmark*, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a piece for his Picture in little: there is something in this more than natural, if Philosophy could find it out.

[A flourish.]

Guil. Shall we call the Players?

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsenour*, your hands: come then, th' appurtenance of welcome is Fashion and Ceremony, let me comply with you in this garb, "lest my extent to the Players, which I tell you must shew fairly outwards, should more appear like Entertainment than yours; you are welcome:" but my Uncle-father, and Aunt mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North-North-west, when the wind is Southerly I know an hawk from a hand-saw.

[Enter. Polonius.]

Pol. Well be with you, Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you *Guildenstern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer, that great Baby as you see is not yet out of his swadling-clouts.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a Child.

Ham. I will prophesie that he comes to tell me of the Players, mark it: You say right, Sir, a Monday morning, 'twas then indeed,

Pol. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have news to tell you when *Rosius* was an Actor in *Rome*.

Pol. The actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon mine honour.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Ass.

Pol. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral Scene, individable, or Poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautius* too light for the law of Wit and Liberty; these are the only men.

Ham. O *Jephtha* Judge of *Israel*, what a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What treasure had he, my Lord,

Ham. Why one fair daughter and no more the which he loved passing well

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephtha*?

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

Ham.

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to pass,
as most like it was; the first row of the Rubrick will shew you more, for
look where my abridgment comes.

Enter Players.

Ham. You are welcome Masters, welcome all, 'I am glad to see thee
' well, welcome good friends; 'oh old friend! why thy face is valanc'd
since I saw the last, com'st thou to beard me in *Denmark*? what my young
Lady and Mistress my Lady your Ladyship is nearer to heaven than when
I saw you last by the altitude of a Chopine, I wish your voice, like a piece
of uncurrant gold, be not crackt within the ring: Masters you are all
welcome, we'll e'ne to't like friendly Faulkeners, fly at any thing we see,
we'll have a speech straight, come give us a tast of your quality, come a
passionate Speech.

Player. What Speech, my good Lord.

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never Acted,
or if it was, not above once, for the Play remember pleased not
the million, twas a Caviary to the general, "but it was as I receiv'd it
' and others, whose Judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine,
' and excellent Play, well digested in the Scenes, set down with as much
' modesty as cunning. remember one said there were no Sallets in the
' lines to make the matter savory, nor no matter in the phrase that might
' indite the Author to Affection, but call'd it an honest method, as whol-
' some as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine; "one speech
in't I cheafly loved, 'twas *Aeneas* talk to *Dido*, and thereabout of it
especially when he speaks of *Priam's* slaughter, if it live in your me-
mory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrrhus*
like the Hircanian Beast, 'tis not, it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rug-
ged *Pyrrhus*, he whose sable Arms,
Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
' When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
' Hath now his dread and black complexion sinear'd
' With Heraldry more dismal head to foot:
' Now is he total Gules, horridly trickt
' With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
' Bak'd and embasted with the parching streets,
' That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
' To their Lord's murder, roasted in wrath and fire,
' And thus o're-cis'd with coagulate gore,
' With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
' Old granfier *Priam* seeks; so proceed you.

Pol. My Lord well spoken, with good accent and good discretion;
So proceed.

Play. Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks his antick Sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequal marcht,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide,

But with the whiff and wind of his fell Sword,
Th' unnerved Father falls

' Seeming to fell this blow, with flaming top
' Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
' Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* ear: for loe his Sword,
' Which was declining on the milky head
' Of reverend *Priam* seem'd i'th Air to stick,
' So as painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
' Like a natural to his will and matter,
' Did nothing:

But as we often see against some storm,
A silence in the Heavens, the racks stand still,
The bold wind speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: so after *Pyrrhus* pause,
A rowfed vengeance sets new awork,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Mars* his Armour, forg'd for proof etern,
With remorse, than *Pyrrhus* bleeding Sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! 'all ye Gods
' In general Synod take away her Power,
' Break all rhe Spokes and Fellows from her Wheels,
' And bowl rhe round Nave down the hill of Heaven,
' As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the Barbers with your Beard: prethee say on, he's for
a jig, or a tale of Bawdry, or he Sleeps; say on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who alas had seen the mobled Queen.

Ham. The mobled Queen!

Pol. That's good.

Play. Run bare-foot up and down threatening the flames,
A clout upon that head

Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe,
About her lank and all o'er-tamed loyns,
A blanket in the alarm of fear caught up.
Who this had seen, with tongue in venome steep,
'Gainst fortunes State would Treason have pronounc'd:
' But if rhe Gods themselves did see her then,
' When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
' In mincing with his Sword her Husband's limbs,
' The instant burst of clamour that she made,
' Unless things mortal move them not at all,
' Would have made milch the burning Eyes of Heaven,
' And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Look where he has not turned his colour, and his tears in's Eyes
prethee no more.

Ham.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my Lord will you see the Players well bestowed, do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Much better, use every man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping? use them after your own honour and dignity, the less they deserve the more merit is in your bounty: Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends; we'll hear a Play to morrow; do'st thou hear me, old friend, can you Play the murder of *Gonzago*?

Play. I, my Lord.

Ham. We'll have it to morrow-night: you could for need study a speech of some dozen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

Play. I, my Lord.

Ham. Very well: follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you till night, you are welcome to *Elsenour*.

[*Exeunt Pol. and Players.*

Ros. Good my Lord.

[*Exit*

Ham. I so, God buy to you; now am I alone,
O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous that this Player here

But in a fiction, in a dream of Passion,

Could force his Soul to his own conceit,

That for her working all the visage wand,

Tars in his Eyes, distraction in's Aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit, and all for nothing,

For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,

That he should weep for her? what would he do

Had he the motive, and that for passion

That I have? he would "drown the stage with tears,

'And cleave the general Ear with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty and appeal the free,

'Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed

'The very faculties of Eyes and Ears; yet I,

'A dull and muddy melted raskal, peak

'Like *John-a-dreams*, unpregnant of my cause,

'And can say nothing, no not for a King,

'Upon whose property and most dear life

'A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward?

'Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,

'Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face,

'Twekes me by the Nose, gives the Lye i'th' Throat
 'As deep as to the Lungs? who does me this?
 'Hah? s'wounds I should take it, for it cannot be
 But I am Pigeon-liver'd. and lack Gall
 To make oppression bitter, or e're this
 I should have fatted all the region Kites
 With this Slaves Offal: "bloody, bawdy villain.
 'Remorseless, treachrous, lecherous, kindless villain.
 'Why what an Ass am I? this is most brave,
 'That I the Son of a dear Father murdered,
 'Prompted to my revenge by Heaven and Hell.
 'Must like a Whore unpack my heart with words,
 'And fall a curling like a very drab, stallion, lie upon't, for
 'About my brains. "hum, I have heard
 That guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
 Have by the very cunning of the Scene
 Been strook so to the Soul that presently
 They have proclaim'd their Malefactions:
 For Murther, though it have no Tongue will speak.
 'With most miraculous Organ, "I'll have these Players
 Play something like the Murther of my Father
 Before mine Uncle: I'll observe his looks,
 I'll tent him to the quick, if he do blench
 'I know my course. "The Spirit that have seen
 May be a Devil, and the Devil may have power
 To assume a pleasing shape, "yea and perhaps
 'Out of my weakness and my melancholly,
 'As he is very potent with such Spirits,
 'Abuses me to damn me: "I'll have grounds
 More relative than this, the Play's the thing
 Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus,
 Guildenstern, Lords*

King. **A**ND can you by no drift of Conference
 Get from him, why he puts on this Confusion,
 'Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
 'With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted
 But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,

But

But with a crafty Madnes keeps aloof
 When we would bring him on to some confession
 Of his true Estate.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most civilly.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Unapt to question; but of our demands
 Most free in reply.

Queen. Did you invite him to any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain players
 We o're-took on the way: of these we told him,

And there did seem in him a kind of joy

To hear of it; they are here about the Court,

And as I think they have already order

This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true,

And he beseecht me to intreat your Majesties
 To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart,
 And it doth much content me,
 To hear him so inclin'd:

Good Gentlemen give him a further Edge,
 And urge him to these delights,

Ros. We shall, my Lord.

[Exeunt Ros. and Guild.]

King. Sweet Gertrard leave us two,
 For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,

That he as 'twere by accident may meet

Ophelia here; her father and my self

Will so bestow our selves; that seeing and unseen

We may of their encounter judge,

'And gather by him as he is behav'd.

If it be the Affliction of his Love or no

'That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:

And for my part, Ophelia, I do wish

That your good beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlet's wildness, so shall I hope your Vertues

Will bring him to his wonted way again,

To both your Honours.

Ophel. Madam, I wish it may,

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here whilst we

(If so your Majesty shall please) retire conceal'd; read on this Book,

'That shew of such an exercise may colour

'Your loneliness: we are oft to blame in this

'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotions visage,

'And pious Action, we do sugar o're

'The Devil himself.

'King. O 'tis too true:

'How smart a lash that Speech doth give my Conscience!

'The harlots check beautied with plastring Art,

'Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,

'Than is my deed to my most painted word:

'O heavy burden!

[Enter Hamlet.]

Pol. I hear him coming, withdraw, my Lord.

Ham. To be or not to be, that is the question,

Whether 'tis Nobler in the mind to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

Or to take arms against a Sea of troubles,

And by opposing end them: to die to sleep

No more: and by a sleep to say we end

The heart-ake, and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wisht, to die to sleep,

To sleep perchance to dream, I there's the rub,

For in that sleep of Death what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil

Must give us pause, there's the respect

That makes calamity of so long life:

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time;

Th' oppressors wrong, and proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, and the laws delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,

When as himself might his *Quietus* make

With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bare,

To groan and sweat under a weary life?

But that the dread of something after Death,

The undiscover'd Country, from whose born

No traveller returns, puzzles the will

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,

Than flie to others that we know not of.

Thus Conscience does make cowards,

And thus the healthful face of resolution

Shews sick and pale with thought:

And enterprises of great pith and moment,

With this regard their currents turn away,

And lose the name of Action. Soft you now,

The fare *Ophelia*, Nymph, in thy Orizons

Be all my sins remembered?

Ophel. Good my Lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well.

Ophel. My Lord I have remembrances of yours,

That I have longed to re-deliver,

I pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, not I, I never gave you ought.

Ophel. My honoured Lord you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composed,
As made these things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my Lord.

Ham. Hi, ha, are you honest?

Ophel. My Lord.

Ham. Are you fair?

Ophel. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Ophel. Could beauty, my Lord, have better commerce
Than with honesty.

Ham. I truly, for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty
from what it is to a hawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty
to his likeness: this was sometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it
proof. I did love you once.

Ophel. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me, for virtue cannot so evacuate
our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Ophel. I was the more deceived,

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery, why wouldst thou be a breeder of sin-
ners? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such
things, that it were better my mother had not born me: I am very
proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my back than I have
thoughts to put them in, imaginations to give them shape, or time to act
them in: What should such Fellows as I do crawling between Earth and
Heaven? we are Arrant knaves, believe none of us, go thy ways to a Nun-
nery? where's your Father?

Ophel. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him,
That he may the Fool no where but in's his own house:
Farewell.

Ophel. O help him you sweet Heavens.

Ham. If thou do'st Marry, I'll give thee this Plagne for thy dowry, be
thou as Chaste as Ice, as puer as Snow, thou shalt not scape calumny, get
thee to a Nunnery, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, Marry a fool,
for wise-men know well enough what monsters you make of them: to a
Nunnery go, and quickly too, farewell.

Ophel. Heavenly Powers restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your paintings well enough: Nature hath
given you one face, and you make your selves another, you Jig and
Amble, and you lisp,, you nick-name Heavens Creatures, and make
your wantonness your ignorance, go to, I'll no more on't, it hath
made

made me mad: I say we will have no more Marriages, those that are Married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunnery go. *Exit.*

Ophel. O what a Noble mind is there o'rethrown!
The Courtiers, Souldiers, Scholars, Eye, Tongue, Sword,
The expectation and Rose of the fare state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down,
And I of Ladies most deject and wretched.
'That suckt the honey of his Musick vows;
Now see that Noble and most Soveregin reason
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh,
That unmatcht Form and Stature of blown Youth
Blasted with Extasie. O woe is me
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Enter King and Polonius. *Exit.*

King. Love! his Affections do not that way tend,
For what he spake, though it lack form a little,
Was not like madness, theres something in his Soul
O're which his melancholly fits on brood,
And I doubt the hatch and the disclose.
Will be some danger, which to prevent
I have a quick determination
Thus set down: he shall with speed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different,
With variable objects shall expel
This something fetled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating,
Puts him thus from Fashion of himself,
What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well:
But yet I do believe the Origen and Commencement of it,
Sprung from neglected love: how now *Ophelia*?
You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all: my Lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the Play
Let his Queen-mother alone intreat him,
To shew his grief; "let her be round with him,"
And I'll be plac'd (so please you) in the Ear
Of all their Conference: if she find him not,
To *England* send him or Confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so,
Madness in great ones must not unwatcht go.

Enter Hamlet and three of the Players. *[Exeunt.]*

Ham. Speak the Speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you,
'Smoothly

'smoothly from the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our Play-
'ers do, I had as lve the Town-crier spoke my lines: nor do not saw
'the Air to much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the
'very torrent-tempest, and, as I may say, whirl-wind of your passion
'you must acquire and beget a Temprance that may give it smoothness:
'O it offends me to the Soul, to hear a robustious Periwig-pated fel-
'low, tear a passion to very shreds, to split the Ears of the ground-lings
'who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb
'shews and noise: I would have such a fellow whip: for o're-doing Ter-
magant, it out-Herods Herod, pray you avoid it.

'Play. I warrant your Honour.

'Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your
'Tutor; sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with
'this special observance, that you o're-step not the modesty of Nature
'for any thing so o're-done, is from the purpose of Playing, whose end
'both at first, and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to
'Nature, to shew Vertue her Feature, scorn her own image, and the
'very Age and Body of the time, his form and pressure: now this over-
'done, or come tardy off, though it makes the Unskilful laugh, can-
'not but make the Judicious grieve; the Censure of which one
'must in your Allowance o're-weigh a whole Theatre of others. O
'there be Players that I have seen Play, and heard others praise,
'and that highly, not to speak it Profanely, that neither having
'the Accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor
'Men, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of
'Natures Journey-men had made men, and not made them well, they
'imitated Humanity so abominably.

'Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

'Ham. O reform it altogether, and let those that play your Clowns
'speak no more than is set down for them, for there be of them that
'will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to
'laugh too, though in the mean time some Necessary question of the Play
'be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shews a most pitiful am-
'bition in the Fool that uses it: go, make you ready. 'How now, my
Lord? will the King hear this piece of work?

Enter Polonius, Guildenstern and Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make hast. VVill you two help to hasten them.

Ros. I, my Lord.

[*Exeunt those two.*]

Ham. VVhat ho, Horatio?

[*Enter Horatio.*]

Hora. Here, my Lord, at your Service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e're my Conversation met withal

Hora. O my dear Lord!

Ham. Nay do not think I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That hast no Revenue but thy good Spirits

'To feed and cloath thee? why should the poor be flattered
 'No, let the candied Tongue lick absurd pomp,
 'And crook the pregnant hinges of the Knee
 'Where thrift may follow fawning, dost thou hear?
 Since my dear Soul was Mistress of her choice,
 And could of men distinguish her Election,
 Sh'ath seal'd thee for her self: for thou hast been
 As one in suffering all that suffers nothing;
 'A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
 'Hast ta'n with equal thanks: and blest are those
 'Whose Blood and Judgment are so well commended
 'That they are not a Pipe for fortune's finger,
 'To sound what stop she please: give me that man
 That is not passions slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, I, in my heart of hearts
 As I do thee. Something too much of this:
 There is a play to night before the King,
 One Scene of it comes near the Circumstance
 Which I have told thee of my father's death,
 I prethee when thou seest that Act on foot
 Even with the very Comment of thy Soul
 Observe my Uncle: if then his hidden guilt
 Do not it self discover in one Speech,
 'tis a damned Ghost that we have seen,
 And my imaginations are as foul
 'As *Vulcan's* stithy: "give him heedful note,
 For I mine Eyes will rivet to his face,
 And after we will both our Judgments joyn
 In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my Lord,
 If he steal ought the whilst this Play is playing
 And, scape detection, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are coming to the Play, I must be idle.
 Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousin Hamlet.

Ham. Excellent i'faith,
 Of the Cameleons dish I Eate the Air,
 Promise-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer Hamlet,
 These words are not mine.

Ham. No nor mine now, my Lord.
 You play'd once in the University, you say.

Pol. That did I, my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. What did you Enact?

Pol. I did Enact *Julius Cesar*. I was kill'd i'th Capitol,
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham.

Ham. It was a bruit part of him to kill so Capital a Calf there.
Be the Players ready?

Ros. I, my Lord, they wait upon your patience.

Gert. Come hither my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good Mother, here's metal more Attractive.

Pol. O ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

Ophel. No, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I mean Country matters?

Ophel. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between Maids legs.

Ophel. What is, my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophel. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophel. I, my Lord.

Ham. Your only Jig maker, what should a man do but be meery: for look you how chearfully my Mother looks, and my father died within's two hours.

Ophel. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. So long! nay then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of fables: O Heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet: then there's hope a great Man's Memory may out-live his Life half a year: but he must build Churches then, "or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

The Trumpet sounds.

Dumb shew follows.

Enter a King a Queen, the Queen Embracing him, and he her, he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck, he lies him down upon a bank of flowers, she seeing him asleep leaves him: Anon comes another man, takes of his Crown, kisses it, pours poison in the sleeper's Ears, and leaves him: the Queen returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate Action; the Poisoner with some three or four come in again, seems to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts, she seems harsh a while, but in the end accepts Love.

Ophel. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. It is munching *vallico*, it means mischief.

Ophel. Belick this shew imports the Argument of the Play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow.

[Enter Prologue.]

The Players cannot keep, they'll shew all straight

Ophel. Will he shew us what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you will shew him, be not you asham'd to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophel. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the Play.

Prologue. For us and for our Tragedy;

Here stooping to your clemency,

We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poësie of a Ring?

Opbel. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As womens Lovd.

Enter King and Queen.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phæbus* Cart gone round

' *Neptune's* felt wash, and *Tellus* orp'd the Ground,

' And thirty dozen Moons with borrowed sheen

' About the world have twelve times thirty been,

Since love our Hearts and *Hymen* did our hands

Unite, infolding them in Sacred banbs.

Queen. So many journies may the Sun and Moon

Make us again count o're ere love be done:

But woe is me, you are so sick of late,

So far different from your former State,

That I distrust you; yet though I distrust

Discomfort you, my Lord, it nothing must.

For women fear too much, even as they Love,

' And womens fear and love hold puantity,

' Either none, in neither ought, or in Extremity.

Now what my love has been, proof makes you know,

And as my love is great, my fear is so:

VWhere love is great, the smallest doubts are fear;

VWhere little fears grow great, great love grows there.

King. I must leave thee, Love, and shortly too,

My working powers their functions leave to do.

And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,

Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind

For Husband shalt thou.—

Queen. O confound the rest!

Such Love must needs be Treason in my breast,

In secand Husband let me be ecurs't;

None wed the second but who kill'd the first:

The instances that Secoud marriage move,

Are base respect of thrift. but none of Love:

' A second time I kill my Husband dead,

' VWhen second Husband kisses me in bed,

King. I do believe you think what now you speak,

But what we do determine oft we preak,

Purpose is but the slave to memery;

Of violent Birth and poor validity,

Which now like fruits unripe sticks on the tree,

But fall unshaken when they mellow be

Most necessary 'tis that we forget

To pay our selves what to our selves is debt

VWhat to our selves in passion we propose,

The passion ending doth the purpose lose;

' The violence of either grief or joy

[*Ham* That's
[VWormwood.

' Thel

, Their own enactures. with themselves destroy ;
 ' VVhere joy most revels grief doth most lament :
 ' Grief joy, joy griefs on slender Accidents
 This world is not for Aye, nor is it strange,
 That even our Loves should with our Fortunes change :
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
 VVhether love lead fortune, or else fortune Love,
 ' The great man down, you mark his favourite flies,
 ' The poor Advanc'd makes friends of Enemies :
 ? And hitherto doth Lord on Fortune tend,
 ' For who not needs shall never lack a Friend,
 ' And who in want a hallow freind doth try,
 ' Directly seasons him his Enemy,
 ' But orderly to end where I begun,
 ' Our wills and fates do so contrary run.
 ' That our devices still are overthrown :
 ' Our thoughts are ours, there ends none of our own.
 Think still thou wilt no second Husband wed,
 But thy thoughts die when thy first Lord is dead.

Queen. Nor Earth to give me food, nor Heaven light,
 Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
 ' To desperation turn my trust and hope,
 ' And Anchors cheer in prison be my scope,
 ' Each opposite that blanks the face of joy,
 ' Meet what I would have well, and it destroy ;
 Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife, [Ham. If she should
 If once I widow be, and then a wife. [break it now.

King. 'Tis deeply Sworn : sweet leave me here a while.
 My Spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep.

Queen. Sleep rock thy brain,
 And never come mischance between us two. [Exeunt.

Ham. Madam how like you this Play ?

Queen. The Lady doth protest too much methinks.

Ham. O but she'll keep her word.

King. Havey ou heard the Arghment ? Is there no offence in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, no offence.

King. VVhat do they call the Play ?

Ham. The Mouse trap; marry how ? tropically. This Play is the image
 of a murder done at Vienna, Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife Baptista,
 You shall see anon, 'tis e Knavish piece of worke, but what of that ? your
 Majesty and we shall have free Son's, it touches not us ; let the galled Jade
 winch, our withers are unwrung. This is one Lucianus, Nephew to the
 King. [Enter Lucianus

Ophel. You are as good as a Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your Love
 If could see the puppits dallying:

Ophel. You are keen my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take of mine Edge.

Ophel. Still worse and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your Husbands. "Begin Murtherer, 'leave thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands p, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
Confederate season, and no Creature feeling,
Thou mixture rank of midnight wees collected
With *Hecats* bane, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magick, and dire property,
On wholesome lifts usurps immediately.

Ham. He poisons him in th' Garden for his Estate, his name's *Gonzago*, the story is extent, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see Anon how the Murtherer gets the Love of *Gonzago's* Wife.

Ophel. The King rises.

Queen. How fares, my Lord?

Pol. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me some light, away

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. [Exeunt all but Hamlet and Hora]

Ham. Why let the stricken Dear go weep,

The Hart ungalled go Play.

For some must watch whilst some must sleep,

Thus runs the World away. Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of feathers, if the rest of my Fortune's turn Turk with me, with provincial
Roses, on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a City of players

Hora. Half a share!

Ham. A whole one, I

For thou do'st know O *Damen* dear

This Realm dismantled was

Nf *Joue* himself, and now reigns here

A very very Peacock.

Hora. You might have rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pound.
Didst perceive?

Hora. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talking of the poisoning.

Hora I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ah, come some Musick, come the Recorders;

For if the King likes not the Comedy,

Why then belike he likes it not perdie,

Come, some Musick.

Enter Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

Guil. Good, my Lord vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guil. The King, Sir.

Ham. I Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Ham.

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No my Lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it self Richer to signifie this to the Doctor; for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And start not so wildly from my business

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your Mother in most great affliction of Spirit hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed, if it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your Mothers Commandment, if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of the business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot

Ros. What my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer, my wit's diseas'd, but Sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command, or rather as you say, my Mother; therefore no more, but to the matter, my Mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she says, your behaviour hath strook her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful Son that can thus astonish a Mother! but is there no sequel at the heels of this Mothers admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her Closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother; have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good, my Lord, what is the cause of your distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your Succession in Denmark.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I Sir, but while the grass grows; the Proverb is something musty: oh the Recorders let me see one, to withdraw with you why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that, will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot,

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me I cannot.

Ham.

Ham. I beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying ; govern these ventages with your fingers and the thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most Eloquent musick : look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these annot I Command to any utterance of Harmony, I have not the Skill.

Ham. Why look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me, you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to my compass, and there is much Musick, excelent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, do you think I am easier to be plaid on than a pipe ? Call me what instrument you will, thnogh you can fret me, you cannot play upon me

Enter. Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a Camel ?

Pol. 'Tis like a Camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a Wezel.

Pol. It is black like a Wezel.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by ;

They fool me to the top of my bent, "I will come by and by ;"
'Leave me, friends.

'I will say so. By and by is easily said.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,

When Church-yards yawn, and Hell it self breaths out

Contagion to the World : now could I drink hot Blood,

And do such business as day it self

Would quake to look on : soft, now to my mother,

O heart lose not thy Nature ! let not ever

The Soul of Nero this firm Bosom !

Let me be cruel, not unnatural.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none,

'My Tongue and Soul in this be Hypocrites.

'How in my words soever she be shent.

'To give them Seals never my Soul consent.

Enter King, Rosencraas, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us

To let his madness range ; therefore prepare you,

I your commission will forthwith dispatch,

And he to England shall along with you,

The terms of our Estate may not endure

Hazzards so near us as doth hourly grow

Out of his brows,

Guil. We will our selves provide ;

Enter.

Most

Most Holy and Religious fear it is
To keep those many Bodies safe,
That live and feed upon your Majesty.

Ref. The single and peculiar life is bound
'VWith all the Strength and Armour of the mind
'To keep it self from Noyance, but much more
'That Spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
'The lives of many: the cefs of Majesty
'Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
'VWhat's neart with it: or it is a massie wheel,
'Fixt on the somner of the highest mount,
'To whose huge Spokes ten thousand lesser things
'Are mortisd and adjoyn'd, which when it falls,
'Each small annexment, petty Consequence
'Attends the boistrous rai, never alone
'Did the King sigh, but a general groan:

King. Arm you I pray you to this speedy Voyage,
For we will Fetters put about this fear
VWhich now goes too free footed.

Ref. VVe will make haft.

[Exeunt Genl

Enter Pollonius.

Pol. Sir, he's going to his mothers Clofet,
Behind the Arras I'll convey my self
To hear the Procefs, I'll warrant she'll tax him home;
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more Audience than a Mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o're-hear,
Their speech; fare you well my Liege,
I'll call upon you e're you go to bed,
And tell you what I hear.

[Exit

King. Thanks my dear Lord.
O my offence is ranck, it smells to Heaven,
It hath the eldest curse upon't;
A brothers Murther: pray I cannot,
Though inclination be as sh arp as will,
My stronger guilt defeat my strong intent;
And like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pawse where I shall first begin,
And both neglect: what if this curst hand
VWere thicker than it self with brother's blood
Is there not rain enough in the feet Heavens
To wash it white as Snow? whereto serves mercy?
But to confront the Visage of offence?
And what's in Prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled e're we come to fall,
Or pardon'd baing down? then I'll look up:
My fault is past; but oh! what form of Prayer

Can serve my turn forgive me my foul Murther?
 That cannot be, since am still posselt
 Of those effects for which I did the Murther,
 My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen:
 May one be pardoned and retain th' offence?
 'In the corrupted currents of this World
 'Offences guided hand may shew by justice,
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize it self
 Buys out the Law; but 'tis not so above,
 There is no shuffling, there the Action lies
 In his true Nature, and we our selves cempell'd
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
 To give in evidence: what then what rests?
 Try what Repentance can; what can it not?
 Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
 O wretched steate! O bosom black as death!
 O limed Soul that struggling to be free
 Art more engaged! help Angels, make assay,
 Bow stubborn knees, and Heart with strings of steel.
 Be soft as sinews of the new born-babe,
 All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Where is this Murderer, he kneels and Prays,
 And now 'll do't, and so he goes to Heaven.
 And so am I reveng'd that would be scann'd;
 He kill'd my Father, and for that
 I his sole Son send him
 To Heaven.

Why this is a reward, ——— not revange:
 He took my father grossly, full of bread,
 Withal his Crimes broad blown as flush as May,
 And how his Audit stands who knows save Heaven?
 But in our Circumstances and course of thought,
 'Tis heavy with him; and am then reveng'd
 To take him in the purging of his Soul,
 When he is fit and seasoned for his passage;
 No,
 Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid time,
 When he is Drunk, Asleep, or in his Rage,
 Or in the incestuous leasures of his Bed,
 At Game, a Swearing, or about some Act
 That hath no Relish of Salvation in't,
 'Then trip him that his heels may kick at Heaven,
 'And that his Soul may be damn'd and black
 'As Hell whereto it goes: my Mother stays,
 This Physick but prolongs thy sickly days.

As g. My words flie up, my thoughts remain below,

[Exit.

Words

Words without thoughts never to Heaven go.

[Exit.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight, look you lay home to him
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath stood between
Much heat and him. I'll here conceal my self,
Pray you be round.

[Enter Hamlet.

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet thou hast thy father much offended,

Ham. Mother you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle Tongue

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked Tongue.

Queen. Why how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood not so,
You are the Queen, your Husband's brother's Wife,
And would it were not so, you are my Mother.

Queen. Nay then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come and sit down, you shall not budge,
You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the utmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me
Help, ho.

Pol. What ho, help?

Ham. How now a Rat, dead for a Duck, dead?

Pol. O I am slain.

Queen. O me, What hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not, is it the King?

Queen. O what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad, good Mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a King.

Ham. I, Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell,
I took thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou findest to be too busy is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace sit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuff,

'If damned custome have not braz'd it so,

'That it be proof and bulwark against Sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
Tongue in noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act

That blurs the Grace and Blush of Modesty,
 Calls vertue hypocrite, takes off the Rose
 From the fair Forehead of an innocent Love,
 And sets a blister there. makes Marriage vows
 As false as Dicers oaths: oh such a deed
 As from the Body of Contraction plucks
 The very Soul, and sweet Religion makes
 A rapsody of words, "Heavens face does glow,
 "Yea this solidity and compound mass,
 "With heated visage as against the doom,
 "Is thought-sick at the Act.
 Ah me that Act!

Queen. Ay me, what Act!

Ham. That roars so loud, and thunders in the Index:
 Look here upon this Picture, and on this
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers;
 See what a grace was seated on this brow,
 Hyperions curls, the front of Jove himself,
 An Eye like Mars to threaten and command,
 "A station like the Herald Mercury
 "New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,
 "A combination and form indeed
 Where every God did seem to set his Seal.
 To give the world assurance of a man.
 This was your Husband: look you now what follows,
 Here is your Husband, like a mildew'd Ear,
 Blasting his wholesome Brother: have you eyes?
 Could you on this fair Mountain love to feed.
 And batten on this Moor? ha! have you Eyes?
 You cannot call it Love, for at your Age
 The heyday of the blood is tame, it's humble.
 And waits upon the Judgment; and what Judgment
 Would step from this to this? Sence sure you have,
 Else could you not have motion, but sure that Sence
 Is apoplext, for madnes would not Err,
 Nor Sence to extasie was ne're so thrall'd,
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
 To serve in such a difference, "what Devil was't
 "That thus hath cozen'd you at hodman-blind?
 "Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 "Ears without hands, or Eyes, smelling fans all,
 "Or but a sickly part of one true Sence
 "Could not so mope, "Oh shame! where is thy blush?
 Rebellious Hell,
 If thou canst mntine in a Matrons bones
 To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax
 And melt in her own fire, proclaim no shame

When

Hamlet Prince of Denmark

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When the compulsive ardure gives the charge,
Since frost it self as Actively doth burn,
And reason pardons will.

Queen. O Hamlet speak no more,
Thou turn'st my very Eyes into my Soul,
' And there I see such black and grieved spots
' As will leave there their tinct.

Ham. Nay but to live
In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, "Honeying and making Love
' Over the nasty stye.

Queen. O speak to me no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine Ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer and a villain,
A slave that's not the twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious Diadem stole:
And put it in his pocket.

Enter Ghost

Ham. A King of shreds and patches.
Save me and hover o're me with your wings
You Heavenly guards: what would your gracious fire?

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Son to chide?
That lap't in time, and person lets go by
Th' important Acting of your dread command? O say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation.
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy Mother sits,
O step between her and her sighing Soul!
Conceit in weakest Bodies strongest workes.
Speak to her Hamlet?

Ham. How is it with you, Lady?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your Eye on Vacancy,
And with the incorporeal Air do hold discourse?
Forth at your Eyes your Spirits wildly Peep,
And as the sleeping Souldiers in th' Alarm,
Your hair

Starts up and stands an end: O gentle Son!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience: whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him, look you how pale he gleres,
His forme and cause conjoyn'd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable; do not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous Action you convert

My stern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true colour, tears perchance for Blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothin at all, yet all that is here I see.

Ham. Nor did yon nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why look you there, look how it steals away,
My Father in his habit as he liv'd,
Look where he goes, even now out at the portal.

[Exit Ghost]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodiless creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time.
And make as healthfull Musick: it is not madness
That I have uttered, bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re word, which madness
Cannot do. Mother, for ove of grace
Lay not that flattering unction to your Soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption mining all within.
Infects unseen: confess your self to Heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker forgive me this my vertue,
For in the fatness of these purfie times
Vertue it self of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curb and woe for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet thou hest cleft my heart.

Ham. Then throw away the worser part of it,
And leave the purer with the other half.
Good night, but go not to my Uncle's bed,
Assume a vertne if you have it not. Once more good night.
That monster custom, who all Sense doth Eat,
Of habits Devil, is Angel yet in this,
That to the use of Actions faif and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on: refrain to night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence, the next more easie;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master the Devil, or throw him out
With wonderous potency: Once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest
I'll blessing beg of you: for this same Lord
I do repent, but Heaven hath pleas d it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,

That

That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him; so again good night.
I must be cruel only to be kind.

Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind,
One word more, good Lady

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do,
Let not the King tempt you to bed again,
'Pinch wanton on your cheek, cell you his Mouse,
'And let him not for a pair of reechy kisses,
'Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft; 'twere good you let him know;
'For who that's but Queen, fair, sober, wise,
'Would from a paddock from a Bat, a Gib,
'Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
'No, in despite of Sense and Secrecie
'Unpeg the basket on the houses top,
'Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
'To try the conclusions in the basket creep,
'And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that.

Queen. Alack I had forgot,
'is so concluded.

Ham. There's Lettets seal'd, and my two School fellows,
'Whom I will trust as would Adders fang'd
'They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
'And marshal me to knavery; let it work,
'For 'tis the sport to have the Engineer
'Hoist with his own petar, and't shall go hard
'But I will delve one yard below their Mines,
'And blow them at the Moon: O'tis most sweet
'When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man will set me packing,
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother good night indeed, this Councillor
Is now most still, most Secret, and most grave,
Who was in's life a most foolish prating knave.
Come Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, Mother.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter King and Queen with Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

King. **T**Here's matter in these Sighs these profound Heave,
You must Translate, 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your Son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*
Ah mine own Lord, what have I seen to night?

King. What *Gertrard*, how does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the Sea and Wind when both contend
Which is the Mightier in his Lawless fit
Behind the Arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his Rapier, cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in this Brainish Apprehension kills
The unseen Good old Man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us had we been there,
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your self, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this Bloody Deed be answered?
It will be laid to us, whose Providence
Should have restrain'd
This mad Young-Man: but so much was our Love
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the Body he hath kill'd
O'er whom his very madness like some Ore
Among a mineral of metal base,
Shews it self pure, he weeps for what is done.

King. *Gertrard* come away,
The Sun no sooner shall the Mountains touch
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must with all our Majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, *Guildenstern*,
Friends both, go joyn with you some further Aid,
Hamlet in madness hath *Polonius* slain,
And from his Mother's Closet hath he drag'd him,
Go seek him out, speak fair and bring the Body
Into the Chapil; I pray you hast in this:
Come, *Gertrard*, we'll call up our wisest friends,

Enter Ros. and Guild.

And

And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done.
Whose whisper o're the World's Diameter,
As level as the Cannon to his blanck
'Transport his poisoned sho'r, may miss our name,
'And hit the woundles Air: O come away,
'My Soul is full of discord and dismay.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.

Ham. Safely stow'd: what noise? who calls Hamlet?
O here they come.

Ros. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded with dust, where it is a kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your Councel and not mine own; besides, to
be demanded of a sponge, what replication should be made by the Son of
a King?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my Lord?

Ham. I Sir, that sokes up the King's Countenance, his rewards, his au-
thorities: but such Officers do the King best service in the end, he keeps
them like an apple in the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd to be last swal-
lowed; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you
and sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a Foolish ear.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell us where the Body is, and go with us to
the King.

Ham. The Body is with the King but the King is not with the Body:
'the King is a thing.

Guil. 'A thing, my Lord!

Ham. Of nothing, 'bring me to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter King and two or three.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the Body;
How dangerous is it that this Man goes loose?
Yet must we not put the strong law on him,
He's Lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their Eyes,
Ayd where 'tis so th' offender scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence: to bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause; diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter

Enter Rosencraus, and all the rest.

King. How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead Body is bestow'd, my Lord.
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure,

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, bring in my Lord Hamlet.

[They enter.]

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper; where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certain convocation
of politick worms are e'ne at him: "your worm is your only Emperour
for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat our selves for
maggots; your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable service,
two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas! Alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a King, eat of
the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What do'st thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to shew you how a King may go a progress
through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In Heaven, send thither to see, if your messenger find him not
there, seek him i'th' other place your self: but indeed if you find him
not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the
Lobby

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet this deed for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence:
Therefore prepare thy self,
The bark is ready, and the wind fits fair,
'Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that feeds them: but come, for England:
Farewel, dear Mother.

King. Thy loving Father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, and so my mother.
Come for England.

King. Follow him,

Tempt

Tempt him with speed aboard,
 Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night:
 Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
 That else leans on the affair; "pray you make haste:
 'And *England*, if my present Love thou holdst at ought,
 'As my great power thereof may give thee Sense,
 'Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
 'After the *Danish* Sword, and thy free owe
 'Pays homage to us, thou may'st not coldly let
 'Our Sovereign process, which imports at full
 'By Letters congruing to that effect
 'The present death of *Hamlet*, do it *England*,
 'For like the Hedtick in my blood he rages,
 'And must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
 'How e're my haps, my joys will ne're begin.

[Exit.]

Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the Stage.

'Fort. Go, Captain, from me greet the *Danish* King,
 'Tell him that by his licence *Fortinbras*
 'Craves the conveyance of a promised march
 'Over his Kingdom; you know the rendezvous,
 'If that his Majesty would ought with us
 'We shall express our duty in his eye,
 'And let him know so.

Capt. I'll do't, my Lord.

'Fort. Go softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.

'Ham. Good Sir, whose powers are these?

'Cap. They are of *Norway*, Sir.

Ham. How propos'd, Sir, I pray you?

Capt. Against some part of *Poland*.

'Ham. Who commands them, Sir?

'Cap. The Nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.

'Ham. Goes it against the main of *Poland*, Sir,

'Or for some frontier?

'Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,

'We go to gain a little patch of ground

'That hath in it no profit but the name,

'To pay five duckets, five I would not farm it,

'Nor will it yield to *Norway* or the *Pole*

'A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

'Ham. Why then the *Pollock* never will defend it?

'Cap. Nay 'tis already garrison'd.

'Ham. Two Thousand Souls, and 20000 duckets

'Will not debate the question of this straw;

'This the imposthume of much wealth and peace,

'That inward breaks, and shews no cause without;

'Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.;

Capt. God b'w'ye, Sir.

Ros. Wil't please you go, my Lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight, go a little before.

'How all occasions do inform against me,
'And spur my dull revenge? What is a man,
'If his chife good and market of his time
'Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
'Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
'Looking before and after, gave us not
'That capability and God-like reason
'To fust in us unus'd; now whether it be
'Beastial oblivion, or some craven scruple
'Of thinking too precisely on th' event,
'A thought which quarter'd hath but one part wisdom,
'And ever three parts coward: I do not know
'Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,
'Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
'To do't: examples gross as earth exhort me,
'Witness this army of such mass and charge.
'Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
'Whose spirit with divine ambition puffs
'Makes mouths at the invisible event,
'Exposing what was mortal and unsure
'To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
'Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
'Is not to stir without great argument,
'But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
'When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
'That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
'Excitement of my reason and my blood,
'And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
'The eminent death of twenty thousand men,
'That for fantasie and trick of fame
'Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
'Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
'Which is not tomb enough and continent
'To hide the slain? O from this time forth.
'My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

[Exit.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentliman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed distracted, and deserves pitty.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her Father, says she hears
There's tricks i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt
That carry but half Sense, her speech is nothing,

Yet

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection, "they yawn at it,
And botch the words up fit for their own thoughts,
Which as winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily,

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Let her come in.

[Enter Ophelia.

Queen. To my sick Soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss,
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills it self in fearing to be spilt.

Ophel. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

[She Sings.

Ophel. How should I your true Love know from another one?
By his cockle hat and staff, and by his sential shoon.

Queen. Alas! sweet Lady, what imports this Song?

Ophel. Say you, nay pray you mark.

He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.

[Song.

O ho.

Queen. Nay but, Ophelia.

Ophel. Pray you mark. White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.

Ophel. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go
With true love showers.

[Song.

King. How do you, pretty Lady?

Ophel. Well, good dild you, they say the Owl was a Baker's daughter;
we know what we are, but know not what we may be.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Ophel. Pray let's have no words of this, but when they ask you what it
means, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentine's-day
All in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your window
To be your Valentine.

[Song.

'Then up he rose and dond on his cloathes, and dupt the Chamber-door,
'Let in the Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.

King. Pretty, Ophelia.

Ophel. Indeed without an oath, i'll make an end on't
By gis and by Saint Charity,
alack and fie for shame,
Young men will do't if he come to'r,
by cock they are to blam.

'Quoth she, before you tumbled me, you prom's'd me to wed.
'(He answers.) So should I have done, by yonder Sun,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Ophel. I hope all will be well, we must be patient; but I cannot chuse
but weep to think they would lay him i'th' cold ground; my brother shall
know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel.
Come my Coach, good night Ladies good night,
Sweet Ladies, good night, good night.

King. Follow her close; give her good watch I pray you.
O this is the Poison of deep grief, it springs all from her father's death;
And now behold, O Gertrard, Gertrard,
When sorrows come, they come not sing'e spies,
But in battalions: first, her father slain,
Next, your Son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholsom in thoughts and whispers.
For good Polonius's death, and we have done but
Obscurely to interr him; poor Ophelia
Divided from her self and her fair Judgment,
Without which we are but pictures, or meer beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these.
Her brother is in Secret come from France,
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not whispers to infect his Ear
With pest lent speeches of his father's death,
'Wherein necessity of matter begger'd
'Will not stick our person to arraign
'In ear and ear: "O my dear Gertrard, this
Like to a murdering-piece in many places
Gives me superfluous death.

[A noise within.]

Enter Messengers.

King. Where are my Swiflers? let them guile the door,
What is the matter?

Messen. Save your self, my Lord.
The Ocean over-peering of his list
Eats not the flats with more in petuous haste,
Than young Laertes in a riotous head
O're-bears your officers; the rabble call him Lord,
And as the World were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They crie chuse we Laertes for our King,
Clips, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King.

'Queen. How cheerfully on the false fall they cry, (A noise within.)
'O this is counter; you false Danish dogs.

Enter

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? Sirs, stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you keep the door. O thou vile King
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes*,

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,
Cries Cuckold to my father, brands the Har'ot
Even here between the chaste brows
Of my true mother.

King. VVhat is the cause, *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion looks so Giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrard*, do not fear our person,
There's such divinity doth hedge a King
That treason dares not reach at what it would,
Aets litt'e of his will: tell me, *Laertes*,
VVhy thou are thus incens'd: let him go, *Gertrard*.
Speak man.

Laer. VVhere is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be jugled with:
To hell allegiance, vows to the blackest Devil,
'Conscience and grace to the profoundest pit,
'I dare Damnation, "to this point I stand,
That both the VVorlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. VVho shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the VVorlds:
And for my means I'll Husband them so well
They shall go far with little.

King. VVill you in revenge of your
Dear fathers death destroy both friend and foe?

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. VVill you know them then?

Laer. To this good friend, thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Relieve them with my blood.

King. VVhy now you speak
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,

It shall as level to your judgment lye
As days does to your eye.

Enter Ophelia.

(A noise within.)

Laer. Let her come in.

'How now? what noise is that?

'O heat dry up my brains, tears seven times salt

'Burn out the Sense and Vertue of mine eye:

By Heaven "thy madness shall be paid with weight

Till our scale turn the beam. O Rose of May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*!

O Heavens! is't possible a young maids wits

Should be as mortal as a sick man's life!

Ophel. They bore him bare fac'd on the Bier,

And in his grave rain'd many a tear.

(Song.)

Fare you well, my Dove.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Ophel. You must sing a down, a down,
And you call him a down a. O how the wheel becomes it,
It is the false steward that stole his Master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing is much more than matter.

Ophel. There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you Lovere-
member, and there's Pancies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophel. There's Fennel for you, and Columbines, there's Rew for you,
and here's some for me, we may call it Herb of Grace a *Sundays*, you may
wear your Rew with a difference; ther's a *Dafie*: I would give you
some Violets, but they withered all when my father died: they say he
made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thoughts and afflictions, passion, hell it is if
She turns to favout and to prettiness.

Ophel. And will he not come again,
'And will he not come again?

(Song.)

No, no, he is dead, go to thy death bed,

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

Flaxen was his pole,

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away moan,

And peace be with his Soul, and with all Lovers Souls.

King. *Laertes* I must share in your grief,
Or you deny me right; go but a parr.

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me,

If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us toucht, we will our Kingdom give,

'Our Crown, our life and all that we call ours

To

To you in satisfaction; but if not
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall joyntly labour with your Soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No Trophy, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation
Cry to be heard as 'twere from Earth to Heaven,
That I must call't in'question.

King. So you shall,
And where th' offence is let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would speak with me?

Gent. Sea-faring men, Sir, they say they have Letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in.

I do not know from what part of the World
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

[*Enter Saylor.*]

Say. Save you, Sir.

Say. There's a Letter for you, Sir, it came from the Embassador that
was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know
it is.

Hora. *Horatio*, when thou shalt have over-lookt this, give these fellows
some means to the King, they have Letters to him. E're we were two
days old at Sea, a Pirate of vary warlike appointment gave us chace.
Finding our selves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled Valour, and
in the Grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our Ship,
so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like Thieves
of mercy, but they knew what they did; I am to do a turn for them. Let
the King have the Letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much
speed as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine Ear will
make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the matter, these good
fellows will bring thee where I am. *Rosencraus* and *Guildenstern* hold
their course for *England*, of them I have much to tell thee.
Farewel.

Hamlet.

Hor. Come I will make you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquitence Seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing Ear,
That he who hath your noble Father slain
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me

Why

Why you proceed not against these feats
So criminal and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, and all things else,
You mainly were stir'd up.

King. For two special reasons,
Which may perhaps to you seem weak,
But yet to me they'r strong: the Queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks, and for my self,
My vertue or my plague, be it either,
She is so precious to my Life and Soul,
That as the Star moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her: the other motive
Why to the publick count I might not go,
Is the great Love the people bear him.
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the Spring that turneth wood to stone,
'Convert his gyves to grace' so that my arrows
'Too slightly timbered for so loved arms
'Would have reverted to my bow again,
'But not where I have aim'd them.

Lear. And so I have a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if prayes may go back again,
Stood challenger on the mount of all the Age
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that, you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beards be shook with danger,
And think it pastime: you shortly will hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love our self,
'And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Mess. These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.

King. From Hamlet? who brought them?

Mess. Snylors, my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were given me by Claudio, he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes you shall hear them: leave us. [Exeunt.]
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdom:
to morrow shall I beg leave to see your Kingly Eyes, when I shall
[first asking your pardon] thereunto recount the occasion of my sudden
return.

King. What should this mean? are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's Character. Naked?
And in the postscript here he says alone,

Can you advise me ?

Laer. I am lost in t, my Lord ; but let him come.
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I live, and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so, *Laertes.*
As how should it be so, how otherwise ?
Will you be rul'd by me ?

Laer. , my Lord, so you will not o're-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace : if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to unpertake it, I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall,
And for his death no wind of blame shall breath,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My Lord, will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the instrument.

King. It falls right :
You have been talkt of since your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet's* hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine ; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my Lord ?

King. A very Feather in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes
The light and careless Livery that it wears,
Than settled Age his fables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness : two months since
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I have seen my self. and serv'd against the *French*,
And they can well on horse back ; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in t, he grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast ; so far he topt my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A *Norman* was t

King. A *Norman*.

Laer. Upon my life, *Lamord*.

King. The very same.

Laer. know him well, he is indeed

The gem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a mastrely report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a fight indeed!
If one could match you :: the Fencers of their Nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor Eye
If you oppos'd them :: Sir, this report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenome with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o're to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this, my Lord?

King. *Laertes*, was your father dear to?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart.

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not Love your Father,
'But that I know Love is begun by time,
'And that I see in passages of proof,
'Time qualifies the spark and fire of it;
'There lives within the very flame of Love
'A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
'And nothing is at a like goodnes still;
'For goodnes growing to a plurisie,
'Dies in his own too much, that we would do,
'VVe should do when we would : for this *would* changes,
'And hath abatements and delays as many
'And there are Tongues, are Hands, are accidents,
'And then this *Should* is like a spend-thrift-sigh,
'That hurts by easing : " but to the quick of the Ulcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you undertake
To shew your self indeed your Father's Son
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church?

King. No place indeed should protect a Murderer,
Revenge should have no Bounds : but, good *Laertes*,
Keep close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home,
VVe'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you, in fine, together,
A wager o're your heads ; he being remiss.
Most generous and free from all contriving
VWill not peruse the foils, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse

A Sword unbated, and in a pace of practice
Requite him for your Father:

Laer. I will do't;
And for the purpose I'll Anoint my Sword:
I bought an Unction of a Mounteback
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, Cataplasme so rare
Collected from all Simples that have vertue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratcht withal; I'll, touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly it may be death.

King. Let's further think of this
'Weigh what conveyance both of time and means,
, May fit us to our shape if this should fail,
'And that our drift look through our bad performance
'Twere better not assay'd. Therefore this project
'Should have a back or second, that, might hold
'If this did blast in proof: "soft let me see,
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,
I have't, when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the purpose, whereon but tasting,
If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise? [*Enter Queen.*

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sifter's drown'd, *Laertes.*

Laer. Drown'd! O where!

Queen. There is a willow growing o're a Brook,
That shews his hoary leaves in the glassie stream,
Near which fantastick garlands she did make
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles Daiesies, and long Purples,
'That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
'But our culcold maids do dead mens fingers call them,
There on the boughs her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious shiver broke.
When down her weedy trophies and her self
Fell in the weeping Brook, "her cloaths spred wide,
'Mermaide-like a while they bore her up,
'Which time she chanted remnants of old lauds,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Gr like a creature native and indued
Unto that element, but long it could not be
Til that her garments, heavy with their drinke,
Pull'd the gentle maid from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas! then is she drown'd

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick, Nature her Custom holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone,
'The woman will be out.' Adieu, my Lord,
I have a fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

[Exit

King. Let's follow, *Gertrard*;
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now I fear this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow.

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter two Clowns with spades and Mattocks.

Clow. **I** S she to be buried in Christian burial, when she wilfully seeks
her own sa'vation?

Oth. I tell thee she is, therefore make her Grave straight, the Crowner
hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

Clow. How can that be, unless she drown'd her self in her own de-
fence?

Oth. Why 'tis found so.

Clow. It must be so offended, it cannot be else; for here lies the point,
if I drown my self wittingly, it argues an Act; and an Act hath three
branches, it is to act, to do, and to perform, or all, she drown'd her
self wittingly.

Oth. Nay but hear you, Goodman delver.

Clow. Give me leave, here lies the water, good, here stands the man,
good, if the man got o this water and drown'd himself, it is will he nill
he; he goes, mark you that: but if the water come to him and drown
him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death,
shortens not his own life.

Oth. But is this Law?

Clow. I matty is't, Crowners Qnest-Law.

Oob. Will you have the truth on't, if this had not been a Gentlewoman
she should have been buried without Christian burial.

Clow. Why there thou say'st, and the more pittie that great folk
should have Countenance in this World to drown or hang themselves
more than we: Come, my Spade, there is no Accident Gentleman
but Gardners, Ditcher, and Grave-makers, they hold up *Adam's* pro-
fession.

Oath. Was he a Gentleman?

Clow.

Clow. He was the first that ever bore arms.
I'll put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose,
confess thy self.

Oth. Go to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger than either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Oth. The Gallows-maker, for that out-lives a thousand tenant,

Clow. I like thy wit well the Gallows does well, but how does it well?
It does well to those that do ill; now thou do'st ill to say the Gallows is built stronger than the Church: argal, the Gallows may do well to thee.
To't again, come.

Oth. Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clow. I tell me that, and unyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Clow. To't.

Oth. Mass I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull Ass will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question next, say a Grave-maker, the houses he makes last till Doomsday.
Go get thee in, and fetch me a sloop of liquor.

In youth when I did love, did love,

[Song]

Methought it was very sweet

To contract O the time for a my behove,

O methought there was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this Fellow no feeling in his business? he sings in Grave-making.

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. Tis e'ne so, the hand of little employment hath the daintie sense.

Clow. But age with stealing steps

[Song]

hath clawed me in his cluch,

And hath shipped in o the Land,

as if I never had been such.

Ham. That skull had a Tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knave jowls it to the grownd, as if twere Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first Murther: This might be the Pate of a Politition which this Ass now o're-reaches, one that would circumvent Heaven, might it not?

Hora. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, good morrow, my Lord, how do'st thou, sweet Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that praised my Lord such a one's horse when he ment to beg him, might it not?

Hora. I, my Lord.

Haw. Why e'en so, and now my Lady worms Choples, and knockt about the mazer with a Sextons Spade; here's a fine

revo-

revolution, and we had the trick to see't; did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at Loggits with them? mine ake to think on't

Clow. A pickax and a spade, a spade,
for and a shrowding sheet,
O a pit of clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer? where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cases his tenures, and his tricks? why doe he suffer this mad knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his actions of battery? hum: this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases and doubles, than the length and breadth of a pair of Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Land will scarcely lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hora. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. 'Is not parchmeut made of sheep-skins?

Hora. 'I, my Lord, and calves-skins too.

Ham. 'They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. "will speak to this fellow: Whose grave's this, sirrah?

Clow. Mine, Sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I think it's thine indeed, for thou ly'st in't.

Clow. You lye out on't, Sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part I do not lye in't, yet it's mine.

Ham. Thou do'st lye in't, to be int and say it is thine, 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou ly'st.

Clow. 'Tis a quick lye, Sir, 'twill again from me to you,

Ham. What man do'st thou dig it for?

Clow. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman, Sir, but rest her Soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is, we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. *Horatio* this three years I have took notice of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the Courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Clow. Of all the days i'th' year I came to't that day our last King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that; it was that very day that youeg *Hamlet* was born, he that is mad and sent into *England*.

Ham.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into *England*.

Clow. Why? because he was mad, he shall recover his wits there, or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. 'Twill not be seen in him there, there are men as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith e'en with loosing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clow. Why here in *Denmark*: where I have been Sexton, man and boy thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th' earth e're he rot?

Clow. Faith if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many pocky coarces that will scarce hold the laying in, he will last you some eight years, or nine years: a Tanner will last you nine years

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clow. Why, Sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body: here's a skull now hath lien you i'th' earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whorson mad fellow's is was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once; this same skull, Sir, was Sir *Yorick's* skull the King's Jester.

Ham. This.

Clow. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick*! I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jest of most excellent fancy, he hath born me on his back a thousand times and now how abhorred in my imagination it is; my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss I knew not how oft: where be your jibes, now, your jests, your Songs, your Flashes of Merriment, that were wont to set the Table on a roar? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chopfallen: Now get you to my Ladies Table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.

Prethee *Horatio*, tell me one thing,

Hora. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think *Alexander* lookt on this fashion i'th' Earth?

Hora. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so; pah.

Ham. E'en so, my Lord.

Hora. To what base uses we may return, *Horatio*! why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander* till he find it stopping a bung-hole.

Ho a. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried. *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth of earth we make lome, and why of that lome whereto he was converted might they not stop a Beer-barrel

Imperious *Cæsar* dead and turn'd to clay
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the World in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expel the waters flaw!
But soft, but soft a while, here comes the King.
The Queen, the Courtiers: who is this they follow,
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The coarfe they follow'd did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life, 'twere of some estate:
Stand by a while, and mark.

[Enter King.
Queen, Laertes, and
the Carse.]

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Hrm. That is *Laertes* a vety nobel youth.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Dost. Her Obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty her death was doubtful,
And but that great command o're-sways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified been lodg'd:
For charitabel prayers,
Flihts and pebbles should be thrown on her,
Yet here she is allow'd her rites,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of be l and bur iul.

Laer. Must their no more be done?

Dost. No more:

We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a *Requiem*, and such r it to her
As to peace-parted Souls.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring; tell thee churlish Priest
A ministering Angel shall my Sister be
When thou liest howllng.

Ham. What? the fair *Ophelia*?

Queen. Sweet to the sweet, farewell,
I hop'd thou should'st have been my *Hamlet's* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to have d:ck sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave,

Laer. O treble woe

Fall ten times doubel on that cursed head
Whose wicked deeds depriv'p thee of
Thy most ingenuouss Sense hold off the earth a while,

Till I have caught her once more in mine arms,
Now pile your dust upon the quick, and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
T'oretop old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose grief
Bears such a emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded heares? 'tis I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. Perdition catch thee!

Ham. Thou pray'st not well: I prethee take thy fingers from my throat,
For though I am not spleenative and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear; hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them afunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet.

All. Gentlemen.

Hera. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this theam
Until my eye lids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theam?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*, forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Queen. Forbear him.

Ham. Shew me what thou'lt do,
Wilt weep, wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt teare thy self,
Wilt drink up *Esil*, eat a Crocodile?
I'll do't. dost thou come hiter to whine?
To out face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I;
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a wart; nay, and thou'lt mouth
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is meer madness,
And thus a while the fit will worke on him;
Anon as patient as a female Doe,
When first her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping,

Ham. Hear you Sir,
What is the reason you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himself do what he may

The Cat will mew, a Dog will have his day.

[Exit Hamlet
[and Horatio.

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* wait upon him.
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
We'll put the matter to the present push.

Good *Gertrard* set some watch over your son,

This Grave shall have a living monument,

'An hour of quiet thereby shall we see,

'Till then in patience our proceeding be.

[Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir, you shall now see the other:
You do remember all the circumstance.

Hora. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep, "methought I lay
'Worse than the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
'And prais'd be rashness for it; let us know
Our indiscretion sometimes serves well
When our deep plots do fall, and that should learn us,
There's a divinity that shaps our ends
Rough hew them how we will.

Hora. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my Cabbin,
My Sea-gown wrapt about me, in the dark
I grop'd to find out them, had my desire,
Reach'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again, making so bould
(My fears forgetting manners) to unfold
Their grand Commission, where I found, *Horatio*,
An exact command,

'Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
'Importing *Danmarks* health, and *Englands* too,
'With hoe such Bugs and Goblins in my life;
'That on the supervise, no leasure bated,
'No not to stay the grinding of an ax,
My head should be struck off.

Hora. Is't possible.

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leisure:
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hora. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villains,
E're I could make a Prologue to my brains.
They began the Play: I sat me down,
Devised a new Commission, wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our Statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but Sir now
It did me Yeomans service; wilt thou know

Th' effect of what I wrote ?

Hora. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the Palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
' And stand a *Comma* 'tween their amities,
' And many such like, as Sir of greet charge,
That on the view of these contents,
Without debatement further more or less
He should those bearers put to sudden death,
' Not shriving time allow'd.

Hora. How was this seal'd ?

Ham. Why even in that was heaven ordinant :
I had my father's Signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that *Danish* Seal,
Folded the writ up in the form of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gave't th' impression, plac'd it safely,
The changling never known : now the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and w hatto this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

Hora. So *Guildestern* and *Resencraus* went to't,

Ham. They are not near my conscience, their defect
Does by their own insinuation grow ;
' 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
' Between the pass and fell incensed point,
' Of mighty opposites.

Hora. Why what a King is this !

Ham. Does it not, think you, stand me now upon ?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Stept in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cosenage, i'st not perfect conscience ? [Enter a Courtier.

Court. Your Lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir,
Doe'st know this water fle ?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him : he
hath much land and firtle, let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his crib shall
stand at the King's mess ; 'tis a chough, but as I say spacious in the posses-
sion of dirt.

Court. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure I should impart a
thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, Sir, with all dilligence of spirit ; your bonnet
to his right use, 'tis for the head.

Court. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot

Ham. No believe me 'tis very cold, the wind is Northerly,

Court. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very foultry and hot, for my complecti-
on.

Court. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very foultry, as 'twere I cannot tell
how. My Lord, his Majesty had me signifie unto you, that he has laid a
great wager on your head, Sir this is the matter,

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Court. Nay good my Lord, for my ease. Sir here is newly come to
Court *Laertes*, believe me an absolute Gentleman, full of most excellent
differences, of very soft society, and great shew: ineed, to speak feel-
ingly of him, he is the Card or Kalendar of Gentry, for you shall find in
him the substance of what part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no loss in you, though I know to di-
vide him inventorially, would dizzy th' arithmetick of memory, and yet
but raw neither in respect of his quick fail? but in the verity of extol-
ment I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such
dearth and rareness, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his
mirrour, and who else would trace him, has unbrage nothing more.

Court. Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy Sir, why do we wrap the Gentleman in our
rawer breath?

Court. Sir.

Hora. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue; you will do't
Sir really,

Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

Court. Of *Laertes*?

Ham. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him Sir.

Court. I know you are not Ignorant,

Ham. I would you did Sir, yet if you did it would not much approve
me: well Sir,

Court. You are ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is:

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in ex-
cellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.

Court. I mean Sir for his weapon, but the imputation laid on him by
them in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Court. Single Rapier.

The King Sir hath wager'd with him six *Barbary* horses, against the which
he has impawn'd as I take it six *French* Rapiers and Poniards, with their
assigns, as Girdle, Hanger, and so: three of the carriages are very dear
to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages and of very
liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margine ere you had done.

Court. The carriages Sir are the Hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter if we could
carry

carry a cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till then: but on, fix *Barbery* horses against six *French* swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet against the *Danish*, why is this all you call it?

Court. The King Sir, hath laid Sir, that in a dozen passes between your self and him he shall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid one twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Court. I mean my Lord the opposition of your Person in trial.

Ham. Sir I will walk here in the Hall if it please his Majesty, it is the breathing time of the day with me, let the foils be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Court. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Court. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours does well to commend itself, there are no tongues else for his turn.

Hora. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did so Sir with his dug before he suckt it; thus has he and many more of the same breed that I know, the drossie age dotes on, only get the tune of the time, and out of the habit of encounter, a kind of misty collection, which carries them through and through the most profane and renowned opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young *Ostrick* who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes. they follow the Kings pleasure; if his fi-nels speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to *Laertes* before you go to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hora. You will lose my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so, since he went into *France* I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds: thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart, but it is no matter,

Hora. Nay good my Lord,

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of boding as would perhaps trouble a woman,

Hora. If your mind dislike any thing obey it, I will forestall their repairs

pair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury, "there is a special providence in
the fall of a sparrow: if it be, 'tis not to come, if it be not to come, it
will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come, the teadiness is all since
no man ofought he leaves knows what 'tis to leave betimes, let be.

*A Table prepared, Drums, Trumpets, and Officers with cushions, King,
Queen and all the State, Foils, Daggers and Laertes.*

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I have done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman, this presence knows,
And you must needs have heard how I am punisht
With a fore distraction; what I have done]
That might your nature, honour, and Exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness,
Was, t *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? never [*Hamlet*;
If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? his madness: if't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madness is poor *Hamlet*'s enemy;
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o're the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stir me most
To my revenge, "but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder Masters of known honour
I have a voice and president for peace
To my name ungor'd: but all that time"
I do receive your offered love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brother's wager
Frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me,

Ham. I'll be your foil *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a star i'th' darkest night
Appear.

Laer. You mock me Sir.

Ham. No on my honour.

King Give them the foils, young *Ostrick*: cousin *Hamlet*,
You know the wager.

King. Very well my Lord:
Your Grace has laid the odds o'th' weaker side.

King

King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both,
But since he is better we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foils have all a length.

Ostr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon the table;
If Hamlet geve the first or second hit,
Or quit an answer to the third exchange.

Ler all the Battlements their Ordnance fire;

The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,

And in a cup an Onyx shall he throw

Richer than that which four successive Kings

I Denmark's Crown have worn. Give me the cups,

And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speak,

The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,

The Cannons to the Heavens the Heavens to Earth.

Now the King drinks to Hamlet: come begin,

And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

[Trumpets
the while.]

Ham. Come on Sir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Ostr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

[Drums, Trumpets and shout.]

Laer. Well again.

[Flourish, a Piece goes off.]

King. Sray give me drink, Hamlet this pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health: give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.
Come another hit, what say you?

Laer. I do confests't.

King. Our son shall winn.

Queen. He's fat and scant of breath.

Here Hamlet, take my handkerchif, wipe thy brows:

The Queen salutes thy fortune Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrard do not drink:

Queen. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poisoned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet Madam, by any by.

Queen. Come let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord I'll hit him now:

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you pass with your best violence,
I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.

Ostr.

Ostr. Nothig neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

King. Part them, they are incens't.

Ham. Nay come again.

Ostr. Look to the Queen there ho.

Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is't my Loid?

Ostr. How is't *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a wookcock in my own sprindge *Ostrick*,
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. Shee swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No no the drink, the drink. O my dear *Hamlet*,
The drink the drink, I am poisoned.

Ham. O villain! ho let the door be lockt,
Treachery, seek it out.

Laer. It is here *Hamlet*; thou art slain,
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half a hours life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand,
Unbated and envenom'd, the foul practice
Hath turn'd it self on me; lo here I lie
Never to rise again: thy mothers poison'd,
I can no more, the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too, then venom to thy work.

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou Incestious Dane,
"Drink off this potion: is the Onyx here?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is justly serv'd, it is poison temper'd by himf
Exchange forgiveness with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heaven make the free of it, I follow thee:
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queen farewell.
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant Death
Is strict in his arrest) O I could tell you;
But let it be: *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou livest, report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hora. Never believe it.
I am more an anticke *Roman* than a *Dane*,
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man
Give me the cup, let go, I'll have't:

[*Dis.*

O *Horatio* what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall I leave behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story : what warlike noise is this?

[A march afar off]

Enter Ostrick.

Ostr. Young *Fortinbras* with conquest come from *Poland*,
The *Embassadors* of *England* give this warlike volley.

Ham. O *Idie Horatio*
The potent poison quite o'regrows my Spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from *England*,
But I do prophesie the Election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he has my dying voice,
So tell him, with th' occurrents more and less
Which have solicited : the rest in silence.

Hora. Now craks the noble heart, good night sweet Prince,
And choires of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras with the Embassadors.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hora. What is it you would see?
If ought of woe or wonder, cease your search?

Port. " This quarry crys on havock s " O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine infernal Cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloodily hast strook ?

Embass. The sight is dismal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late,
The Ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That *Rosencraus* and *Guildestern* are dead,
Where should we have our thanks ?

Hora. Not from his mouth
Had he th' ability of breath to thank you,
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since so apt upon this bloody question
You from the *Pollack Wars*, and you from *England*
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a Stage be placed to publick view,
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about ; so shall you hear
Of cruel, bloody and unnatural acts,

Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistook,
Fallen on the inventors heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the Nobles to the audience:
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune,
I have some rights of memory in this Kingdom,
Which now to claim my interest doth invite me.

Hora. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. "Let four Captains
Bear *Hamlet* like a Souldier to the Stage,
For he was likely had he been put on,
T'have prov'd most Royal: and for his passag:,
The Souldier's Musick and the Right of War
Speak loudly for him.

Take up the Bodies such a fight as this
Becomes the Field, but here shews much amiss:

"Go bid the Souldiers Shoot.

[*Exeunt.*

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